

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 7.]

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1825.

[VOL. 3, N. S.]

THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH NARRATIVE OF THE DEATH OF BLANCHE OF BOURBON, WIFE TO PEDRO THE CRUEL, KING OF CASTILLE.

THIS cruel king had conceived for Blanche of Bourbon, his wife, such a mortal aversion, that he put all things in practice to touch her life. The poison of which he made use to rid himself of her, had no effect; for, knowing the design they had to make her die, she took the precautions necessary to preserve herself from being killed by poison. Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro, upon this, put it into the King's mind to remove her altogether from the court, and to give her an establishment in some province, in order that people might no longer see her, and that an absence, without hope of return, might produce the same effects which might have been looked for from her death. Pedro, much enamoured of that concubine, followed her counsel; he confined the Queen in a very distant province; and gave her withal a certain appanage to support a queenly estate, not daring to irritate his people against him, by reducing her all at once to a private condition.

This domain which Blanche received for her portion, procured for her the homage of the vassals who held of that signiory. A rich Jew, it so fell, had lands comprized within the Queen's territory; and he came to her court to acquit himself of his duty as her vassal; and—as at that time it was the custom in Spain that the vassal, in doing his homage, kissed respectfully the cheek of the

lord, to shew forth the zeal and affection, which he promised while life endured, to bear for his service; so this Jew drew near to the Queen Blanche, to salute her as his lady and his mistress. She could not avoid receiving from him this mark of his vassalage; but no sooner had he quitted her chamber than she expressed the horror she had for that absurd ceremonial, bitterly reproaching her servants for their little care, in that they had suffered that vile creature to approach her. She then commanded them to bring her hot water, and washed her mouth and her face diligently, as if to efface the stain which the kiss of the Jew had left upon her. But her indignation stopped not so; for, being sovereign in the place, she wished to inflict the last punishment for that temerity which the Jew had exhibited; and in the first moment of wrath, she designed to have him hanged. The Jew being informed of that to which the Queen had condemned him, and that they were in search for him, to put him on the gibbet, according to her command, immediately took to flight, and went to make his complaint to the King Pedro concerning the design which the Queen Blanche harboured of making him suffer the punishment of a capital offence for a mere duty of ceremony, whereof he had taken the freedom to acquit himself. The King received

him under his protection, desiring him to fear nothing, and saying withal, that he saw well the Queen had such hatred for all whom he favoured, that it would be no matter of scruple for her to attempt something against his own life, if she found a fit occasion; that for this cause he must needs get rid of her; but that it would be best to save appearances, and furnish her with no handle against himself.

The Jew, who burned with the desire of revenge, assured the King it would be an easy matter to slay her, without leaving on her body any marks of violence. Pedro rejoiced when he heard this said, and declared that great would be his obligation to the man, whosoever he might be, that should pull that thorn out of his foot. He, in fine, permitted the Jew to execute the affair he had projected, without any noise or alarm. And this wretch, who thirsted to be avenged on the Princess, was delighted when he had received the barbarous orders of Pedro. He assembled a number of men of his nation, and, marching all the night, came to the apartment of the Queen suddenly with his associates. He penetrated even to her chamber; and knocking at the door, one of the Queen's damsels refused to open it to him, saying, through the key-hole, that this was no hour for talking with her mistress, and asking on what business he had come thither. The Jew, that they might open to him, made answer, that he came with pleasant intelligence for the Queen, since her husband, to show how entirely he was reconciled to her, designed to come immediately and sleep with her in her chamber. The damsel ran in hastily to tell this good news to the Queen; but she, perceiving surely the peril in which she was, began to weep, knowing that she had but few hours more to live; for she understood well that the Jews, whose whole race hated her, would not have come thither in so great number, and at an hour so unusual, without having some bloody order which they were

zealous to execute. The lady of her chamber, upon this entering into the distresses of her mistress, cried out and wept, and said she would never open unless the Queen herself absolutely commanded her. But the Queen made a sign to her that she must no longer dispute the entrance of the chamber against the Jews, and at the same instant she lifted her eyes up to heaven, to recommend her soul to God for salvation, calling out that it was no pain for her to die in her innocence, and praying God to bless abundantly the Duke of Bourbon her brother, the Queen of France her sister, King Charles the Wise, and all the royal family. She had no sooner made an end of these words, than the Jews entered in a troop. They found that blessed princess lying on her bed, holding in one of her hands a Psalter, and in the other a lighted taper to read her prayers; and turning her eyes on those that entered, she asked what was their business, and who had sent them so late to speak with her. They answered her, that with great sorrow did they find themselves there, to announce to her the order of the King, and that forthwith she must prepare herself, since her last hour was come.

This discourse was interrupted by the cries of her damsels, who tore their hair, and sobbed aloud, saying one to the other, that an unjust death was come on the best lady in the world, and calling on Heaven for vengeance on the authors of this cruelty. The poor Queen commanded them to set bounds to their lamentations, and said, there was no need for so much grief, since she was about to die innocent, and that their sorrow and pity should rather be for Pedro her husband, who committed such barbarity by the malicious counsels of his concubine, who had for a long space thirsted after her blood.

The Jews, fearing lest the cries and tumult of these damsels of the Queen might interrupt the execution of their mistress, and moreover, that they might reveal afterwards the

murder, which they so much desired to keep in darkness, took them all by the hand, and dragging them out of the chamber, conveyed them into a cellar, where they strangled them, that so they might the more easily and secretly kill the Queen Blanche. These wretches delayed not the fulfilment of their purpose, for they dispatched her by letting a

great beam tumble down upon her belly, that she might be deprived of breath, without any drop of blood appearing on her countenance or her body. When they had finished that accursed undertaking, they withdrew themselves speedily into a castle, situated on a high rock, which the king had pointed out to them as an asylum.

MEMOIRS OF A RETICULE.

AS memoirs of all kinds are in request, and as to be aware of one's own insignificance demands, perhaps, a degree of penetration and clear-sightedness beyond what is usually possessed, I may be pardoned for fancying my adventures not less worthy of notice than some others which might be mentioned. I cannot boast the antiquity of my origin, like the *pocket*, which traces its descent from the very commencement of civilization in this country; pretending to have been well known, and honourably employed at court in the earliest times, and to have adorned the sides of the most illustrious princesses and celebrated beauties. With such claims to notice, it is not to be wondered at that its partizans behold it supplanted by me with indignation. Indeed the disputes between the white and red roses scarcely ran higher than those to which I and my rival have given rise.

It was a remark of Addison's, that people never enter with perfect interest into any work until informed of the country, parentage, education, &c. of its author. In conformity with this opinion, I shall preface my memoirs with an account of my origin; and let it not raise any prejudice in the minds of my fair *English* readers, to learn that I am of *French* extraction; let them not exclaim, in scorn—

"O, France, whose edicts govern dress
and meat,
Thy victor, Britain, bends beneath thy
feet!"

I am not aware of any mention of the *reticule* until after the French revolution, when most of the *noblesse* took refuge in this country, bringing with them light hearts, and pockets not much heavier. Soon afterwards, some *elegantes* of the new *regime* introduced the *reticule* into the circles of French fashion.—Were it not from a fear of incurring the reproach of *vanity*, I might here expatiate on the compliments which were bestowed on me at my first introduction to the *beau monde*.

Many who had discarded my rival, the *pocket*, as old fashioned—for it had been in the service of their grandmothers—were eloquent in my praise. Regarded as at once useful and ornamental, I was at an early period introduced into Mrs Montague's family, to whose niece Arabella I belonged. Mrs Montague, however, was a woman of much good sense, wholly unbiassed by fashion, and a decided enemy to me. "Ah, niece Arabella," (would she exclaim) "take my word for it, you will some time or other have cause to repent having discarded that useful thing a *pocket*, which has so much the advantage in convenience, over your *reticule*. The pocket, once remembered in the morning, is no more a charge to your memory during the day: by its means you are furnished with pincushion, housewife, thimble, in short every thing a notable woman should be provided with; but your *reticule* is ever liable to be mislaid, and you are continually indebted to some

old-fashioned being like myself, for a pin, a needle, or something else.

‘————— I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so
nice,
To change true rules for odd inven-
tions.’ ”

After such exhortations, Arabella would frequently resolve, and re-resolve to discard me ; but the powerful influence of fashion prevailed over reason, and I was still retained in her service. However, I met with several narrow escapes. Once, by mistake, I was thrown upon the back of the fire, where I was discovered just in time to save me from a flame that was rising to consume me ; frequently was I drenched in rain, when accompanying my fair mistress in her walks ; and although upon such occasions, she took the tenderest care to have me dried, I never wholly recovered from the injury I had sustained. I had also to endure sometimes the displeasure of Arabella. One Sunday morning I remember, good Mrs Montague informed her niece there would be a charity sermon ; and that, as she should be detained at home on account of indisposition, she would depute her to bear her charitable donation. Accordingly I was made purse-bearer to the two ladies. Miss Montague, hanging me on the back of her chair, sat down to breakfast with her aunt. Were I to record the morning’s conversation, it might possibly prove both edifying and entertaining ; but the attempt would occasion me to exceed the limits I have prescribed to myself in these memoirs ; and consequently, this, like many other conversations, will be lost to posterity.

Breakfast over, up sprung my amiable mistress, and in an instant was driven from the door ; leaving me suspended on the arm of her chair. Oh ! how I had wished that some propitious accident would cause me to be noticed by Mrs Montague ere it was too late ; how I had longed for a friendly puff of wind to waft

me to her feet ; I should have rejoiced at the entrance of the little dog, *Fido*—till then my terror, as he used to amuse himself with biting the beautiful tassels with which I was adorned—as it would have been sure to excite the attention of Mrs Montague, who would have checked him with “down Fido !” Alas ! all remained still and quiet till the return of Miss Montague, who with much grief informed her aunt, that, owing to her having left *me* behind her, she had been prevented from contributing in any way to the charity. “Ah !” (continued she) “if I had had *pockets*, this would not have happened ; but I am resolved to buy myself a pair to-morrow !” The morrow came, and what altered Miss Montague’s resolution I know not, but the pockets were not bought, and I was restored to favour.

I shall pass over the detail of numerous adventures. I could relate many anecdotes, I could repeat much unedifying scandal, and on the other hand, much wit and learning ; for being my mistress’s favourite companion, I had admission to the best society. Scandal, however, flies fast enough without my assistance, and wit and learning will be sure of more able supporters. Yet there is one fatal incident, to me the death-blow of Arabella’s favour, which I must record. One morning Miss Montague took me with her on a visit to her friend Victorine, who informed her that she had that morning arrived from her mother’s house in the country, in consequence of intelligence that her child left in town, had been taken alarmingly ill ; but report, as usual, had magnified the danger. “I have just finished a letter,” said Victorine, “to my mother, as I promised I would write unless I found my child in the alarming state I was led to apprehend : as you, my dear Arabella, will drive past the post-office, will you put it in for me ?” “Willingly,” was the reply. The friends parted. In the evening, whilst Miss Montague was singing to a little circle of friends, a simple melody

wherein her voice, the effusion of feeling, called to mind those lines of Dryden—

“So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in her throat,”

a servant entered, and, presenting me informed Arabella, that the coachman had just taken me out of the carriage, where I had been left in the morning. Who could describe the sudden transition of Arabella's countenance from guileless, happy mirth, to conscience-stricken dismay! “The letter! the letter!” she would have said, but the words died away on her lips, and she left the room, followed by her aunt, to whom she explained the cause of her agitation, which was the alarm Victorine's mother would experience in not receiving the letter she had promised to put in the post, but which she had left in the carriage in her *reticule*.

Miss Montague did not mistake respecting the ill effects she apprehended from her neglect. Lady N——, not receiving a letter from Victorine, interpreted her silence into the death of the child; a severe indisposition was the consequence; and Victorine was again summoned into the country to attend the bedside of her mother. At last her filial cares were rewarded with the recovery of Lady N——, and the two friends once more met in town. “I quite forgive you,” said Victorine, “but I will never again trust you with

a letter of consequence, as long as you wear a *reticule*.” “I will wear it no longer,” exclaimed Arabella, “I renounce it for ever; it is a sacrifice I make to friendship; and would it were greater, that it might in some measure atone for thea filliction I have occasioned you.”

My reader does not ask if she kept a resolution, made under such circumstances—I was in consequence given to her maid, Mademoiselle *Epingle*.—Alas! “What a falling off was here!”—I was no longer admitted to the splendid drawing-room, no more was made the depository of brilliant verses, or of elegant fancy-works, as when I was in the service of the tasteful and intellectual Arabella. Torn, worn, aged, and degraded, I perceived, not only my *own*, but the declining celebrity of all my relations; and I was well nigh rent with mortification, when I reflected that a short period would probably witness the total extinction of the *reticule*. Should my fears be prophetic, gentle reader, it will afford one added proof of the fickleness and instability of human nature. Nature displays herself in *trifles*, as well as in things of *consequence*: the same springs of action, the same impulses work in both, whether it be exemplified in converting a monarchy into a democracy, and that again into a despotic government, or in exchanging a *pocket* for a *reticule*, and that again for a *pocket*.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

AFTER a long and dreary residence at one of the remote posts on the Mississippi, my period of servitude having expired, I had at length the prospect of once more visiting the haunts of civilized man. The great river began to rise, and having long ere this made preparations to leave these desolate solitudes, I joyfully embarked on board a “a keel boat” loaded with furs; and thanks to the rapidity of the current, in a few

days reached the town of St Louis, then the *ultima thule* of civilization. But the moral aspect of this frontier town, was little fitted to afford satisfaction even to an unwilling resident in the woods. Here I found all the cunning and deceit of civilized communities, unmitigated by courtesy or refinement; ferocity in its most savage form, immorality unrestrained by law or opinion, and, in short, all the violence, grossness, and license of

savage life, without any of its redeeming virtues. Here alike wallowed in vice, the versatile native of the Garonne, the gambling duellist of Carolina, and the demure speculator from Connecticut. It is to be hoped that St Louis, at some future day, will be the abode of far different inmates; for its situation is lovely, the surrounding country most fertile and beautiful, and every physical quality combines to render it a brilliant gem in the lonely regions of the west.

After a few days' stay, we again pushed our bark from the shore, and floated swiftly down the magnificent waters of the Mississippi. At St Louis I had offered a passage to New Orleans to a young American, whom romantic feelings had led to visit the Indian tribes. Having engaged in one of their wars, he fell into the hands of a hostile nation; but after being their prisoner under the name of an adopted son, for nearly three years, he succeeded at last in effecting his escape from the banks of the Kansas to St Louis, alone, on foot, and without provisions. Though hardships had cooled down his ardent impetuosity, he was still the child of enterprize and adventure; though he had felt the miseries of savage life, he approached civilized society with other feelings than delight. The hypocrisy and cunning he had seen and experienced in early youth, had left a deep impression of disgust on his mind; and the scenes he had witnessed in later years of fraud and violence, on the part of the Indian traders on the Missouri and Mississippi, had made that impression indelible—had rendered him, in fact, a speculative misanthrope, though one of the kindest of human beings.—Strange! that such an anomaly should spring up in so practical, matter-of-fact, unromantic a country as America! We expect similar dispositions and feelings only amongst the wealthy *faineans* of European society, where ennui and disgust may be supposed to arise from having “felt the fulness of satiety.” Such a character, however, had the cold, calculating meri-

dian of New-England produced.—When the refreshing coolness of evening approached—and heavenly is the evening of Louisiana—how interesting became our mutual narratives—how we delighted to recount our adventures amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, the *squaws* of the Sioux, and the half-breeds of the lakes! I had offered my romantic companion a fair prospect of advantage and enterprise combined, as soon as we should reach New Orleans; but an unlooked for disaster was destined to frustrate all our anticipations.

On the ninth day from our departure from St Louis, we had floated down the river five-hundred miles, stopping every evening, and making our bark fast to the shore. On this ill-fated evening, we stopped earlier than usual; and while at our repast, a deer bounded towards the river, but turning at sight of us, again disappeared in the woods. My three boatmen started immediately in pursuit, while we remained by the boat. After an absence of two hours, we began to fear that they had lost their way, when we were alarmed by the simultaneous discharge of at least half a dozen fire arms. “The Indians!” I exclaimed. “No,” said my companion, “the Indians dare not commit aggressions on the American bank—it must be the banditti of Rock Island.” We had waited nearly an hour in breathless anxiety, forming various conjectures as to the cause of our alarm, when the American offered to reconnoitre, and bring back tidings of the enemy we had to encounter. Having taken some ammunition and his loaded rifle with him, he shook me warmly by the hand, “God preserve you, my dear friend,” said he, “fire *not* unless for your instant preservation; if they hail you, tell them who you are; be easy as to my safety—I shall be here very soon—farewell.” He disappeared in the woods.

I stood on the shore with my rifle in my hand, looking anxiously around; but the approaching darkness prevented my seeing to any distance

amidst the trees, while the lowing of the bull-frog, with the screams and savage cries of birds and beasts, rendered the approach of a stranger nearly inaudible. A sudden rustling of the trees, and the neighing of a horse, gave the note of alarm; I had grasped my rifle more firmly than ever, when a shot through my right arm, laid me prostrate on the ground. Twelve or fifteen mounted brigands now galloped up; and one of them alighted with his tomahawk in his hand, ready to do what the bullet, perchance, had left undone, when I suddenly exclaimed, "Joseph!"—"Comment! c'est Monsieur——?" "Comme vous voyez." The commander of the troop, a black-looking brigand, here roared out, "Qu'est ce que ce radoteur dit à l'Anglais?—Nous n'avons pas le tems de dire des priepes—finissons." "Par le Sainte Vierge," said Joseph, "I will scalp the first who attempts to injure the man who saved my life at *Prairie du Chien*!" "A la bonne heure," said the chief: "but what are we to do with him? if we let him go, he will bring down the backwordsmen of Kentucky, and clear us out; no, no, charity begins at home." Joseph suggested to the chief, "that if the prisoner gave his promise not to discover their band, nor the place of their retreat, they might depend on his observing it, as it was well known that the Indians reposed implicit confidence in him." In this proposal, after considerable consultation, the chief seemed to acquiesce; but no promise was exacted from me, nor had I any conversation with the brigands, but such as took place at my first recognition by Joseph. This individual, by meeting whom my life was thus preserved, was a Canadian hunter, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians, beyond the Lake of the Woods, and brought down to *Prairie du Chien*, about two years before; by some presents of blankets and ammunition, I procured his liberty, kept him some weeks at my hut, and then sent him down to St Louis. How he had fall-

en in with the banditti, whether he had joined them voluntarily, or had been taken prisoner, I never knew; but he was the least violent of an atrocious crew. While the band were inspecting the contents of my boat—now mine no more, or bivouacking on the shore, Joseph kept constantly by me, as if to save me from any relenting of his comrades in their mercy. He informed me that they were on their way to intercept a body of travellers from Natchez, when coming in sight of our three boatmen, who were cutting up a deer, they had fired and killed them on the spot. This information he communicated in as few words as possible: for though he seemed pleased at having it in his power to requite the service I had formerly done him, he avoided any conversation with me; whether he was ashamed of his nefarious course of life, or what is more probable, that he wished to avoid incurring the suspicion of his companions, by holding much talk with a prisoner. Though he was silent, he paid me every attention, and assisted in dressing my arm, which his *own* rifle had disabled. Thus far he was "my bane and antidote."—It may be necessary to say something about this association of free-booters.

Previous to the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the wilderness that lies between New Orleans and the Ohio was infested by the refuse of Europe and America, in the character of money coiners, note forgers, horse stealers, and highway robbers; while the islands near the mouth of the Ohio, or along the wide expanse of "the great father of waters," the Mississippi—were inhabited by ferocious pirates of every country and tongue. Of these dangerous neighbours, the *Spaniards*, as being naturally—or at least from the earliest periods of history, a people of free-booters, were the most numerous: but there lacked not psalm-singing scoundrels from Nantucket and Boston, as well as head-choppers from the banks of the Seine, who still persevered religiously in their

former habits. *Ireland*, the most fruitful source of western population, sent some of its numerous "wild boys" to carry on the war in Louisiana; and they were from their former experience, powerful auxiliaries to the native bands of free-booters. The proverbial venality of the Spanish government at New Orleans, furnished the various outlaws of the Mississippi and its banks with every facility in plundering the traveller on the river, or in the forest, and in disposing of the booty in the cities. A robber was occasionally arrested, but the lenity or connivance of the Governor, allowed him to escape with impunity. I say *connivance*, for it was generally believed by the inhabitants of the Upper Country, (on the Ohio) that the banditti would not be so audacious in their attacks, almost within sight of the Spanish forts, nor so careless of disguise, as to frequent the billiard-rooms of New Orleans, unless they had secured a friend at head-quarters, by giving up a tithe of their plunder. The horses, saddles, and other property of the unfortunate travellers whom they had murdered, were openly sold in the towns. It would have been *unsafe* for them to spare the lives of those they plundered; for though there was little prospect of their traversing the wilderness without horses or food, yet even a chance escape might rouse the hardy back-woodsmen of Tennessee and Kentucky, to rise en masse, and clear the whole country of its dangerous inhabitants, Indian or European.—The spirit of the hunters of the Ohio once up, the Banditti knew that their defeat and extermination were at hand. The non-arrival of travellers from Natchez and New Orleans, was thus usually attributed to the attacks of the Indians, a very common occurrence in all the frontier settlements, and which the Americans amply retaliated, by shooting the "red men," wherever they were found, like so many *feræ naturæ*.

Such were the miscreants who infested the banks of the Mississippi, and the whole *wilderness* (as it was

termed) that lay between Natchez and the Tennessee River. The band whom it was my ill-fortune to meet with, consisted of thirty or forty individuals; but the greater part had remained *at home*, as they called their hiding place, about fifty miles from the river. The *captain* seemed of stern manners, and was both respected and feared by his lawless subjects, for they knew his skill and his recklessness of danger. But at this time I saw little of him, for he set off early the next morning after my capture, to attack (I was told) some travellers on their way from Natchez to the Ohio country. Along with me, only remained Joseph, and three more of the band, to carry the cargo of my boat to their settlement. The landing of the furs occupied the first day. On the second morning they loaded their horses, of which each man had four, with part of the cargo; and they concealed the remainder in the forest.

It is unnecessary to mention my feelings on the first night of my captivity, my fears of the American falling also into their hands, or becoming a prey to hunger in the woods. To add to the misery of my situation, the pain of my wounded arm was sufficient to dispel every idea of repose. We set out for the *settlement*—*lucus a non lucendo*—and arrived on the morning of the second day. We had followed the course of a considerable creek for several miles, continually crossing it in our way, till we found it at last dwindled into a petty stream. Here a slight rising ground presented itself, divided by a ravine, through which the rivulet glided.—We entered this dark vale, which was completely shaded by lofty sycamores, and enjoyed the most delicious coolness in the greatest heat of summer; presenting at the same moment, security from attack, and the utmost beauty of situation. On the very brink of the stream, under the shade of trees, were spacious log-houses, strongly and not inelegantly constructed, with massy rails in front of each, as a rude species of defence.

Several stables were grouped round the houses, in which were kept their own horses and those they plundered. The sedentary members of the band, about a dozen in number, came out to meet their comrades; but though they were greatly surprised at the sight of a stranger, they made no remarks. They seemed occupied solely in dosing away the time of inaction, of inglorious ease, by the aid of wine, rum, whiskey, and cigars.—When our company alighted, Joseph took me to the house he possessed in common with three others of the free-booters, and soon after prepared for me a most plentiful, if not very elegant repast. Strong coffee without milk, fried venison, huge quantities of ham, warm cakes, Bordeaux wine, Madeira, and various kind of liqueurs were heaped profusely on the table; and the fatigue of my journey gave me sufficient appetite to do honour to Joseph's hospitality. Thirty-six hours intercourse with the banditti, had taken off my first uneasiness, and *coute que coute*, I now cheerfully partook of whatever comforts fell in my way. I knew that I could not better my situation, that regret was unavailing; and not being at any time disposed to make things worse by morbid reflection on the past, or melancholy anticipation of the future, I now emptied my bottle—or rather my ample *pot* of Bordeaux, with nearly as much *gusto* as *M. de la Regniere himself*, the prince of gourmands, could have done; and then by means of some delicious Havana cigars, smoked myself into forgetfulness of my captivity, and comforted myself against future dangers, by wisely reflecting *alors comme alors!*

On the fourth day the captain arrived with his party, in the utmost ill-humour with himself, his band, and all mankind; for he had been disappointed of his expected prey, by the pure malice of the Yankee merchants, who instead of regularly encamping every evening, as well disposed travellers ought to do, had thought proper to hurry on almost without halting for three whole days. No won-

der that the captain was highly chagrined at losing 30,000 dollars, the amount of the booty he expected, as he told the band. "And what would you have done with it?" said one of his countrymen: "*Ce que j'aurais fait? tonnerre le Dieu!* you would have had your share, you sneaking imbecile; a few more such prizes would have made the fortunes of us all. I should then have returned to *la belle France*, and established in the city of Bordeaux the most *superbe*, the most *magnifique* Café in all Europe—*Voilà ce que j'aurais fait!*" The establishment of the Café being unavoidably deferred, he determined to enjoy himself as far as circumstances would permit, for he was a Frenchman, as well as a free-booter; and accordingly he invited the whole band to a *banquet* on the following day. In spite of his disappointment, he treated me with great civility, and told me to sit close by him at the fête, to avoid dispute with his turbulent associates. However anxious to avoid their revels, it was not safe to absent myself on this occasion! I therefore made a virtue of necessity.

Besides the captain, there were four Frenchmen or Canadians in the band, and they naturally, or rather *nationally*, became the directors of our approaching feast. Their activity and skill were beyond all praise. From this time I have never doubted that the French are *born* with the *innate* idea of cookery. The scene of the fête was in front of the captain's house, where all the tables of the settlement had been joined together in a spot sheltered from the sun. When the company assembled to enjoy the good things set before them, I remarked the following among other *comfortabilia*. An enormous saddle of venison, flanked by the usual sweetmeats, graced the centre of the table, and was dispensed by our host, the Bordelese, M. de la Trappe: two mammoth—*tout est mammoth en Amerique*.—See Volney. Two mammoth turkeys were at either end, under the immediate command of reregade

Georgians; countless hams and cabbages were superintended by Virginians; two *true-blooded* Yankees *sat down before* some huge *pumpkin pies*—*deliciæ Yankæorum*; while the volunteer *restaurateurs* of the establishment had wisely kept together to obtain a reasonable share of the fricaseed squirrels and onion soup, the choice salad of the swamps, (seasoned by some *fragrant* flax-seed oil) and of the ample bowl containing some nameless *couscousu*, or *olla podrida*, where swam in loving union, fish, fowl, reptile, and vegetable. As far as regarded the messes of their companions, the Frenchmen had acquitted themselves of their commission, *a merveille*; and from the anomalous odour that titillated my olfactory organs, I had no doubt that they had done equal justice to themselves, that they had put an ample store of lizards and bull-frogs into their own mulligatawny. The silence of the guests was evidence of their satisfaction—I mean the silence of the tongue, for never was a greater clamour of mastication than upon this occasion; it was equally loud from the turkey carvers, the Virginian ham and cabbage eaters, the greasy chops of the frog-catchers, and the long yellow faces of the Yankee devourers of pumpkin pies. The good fare seemed to inspire every one with good humour, and drove the demon of discontent even from the crabbed face of our care-worn captain. After the viands were removed, fruits, wines, spirits, and cigars, circulated round the table, and every tongue was now unloosed. Their conversation it is unnecessary to detail, since it related solely to their predatory incursions, the dangers they had run, the prowess they had displayed, or the wantonness of cruelty with which they had exercised their power. When the wine began to take effect, and *dirks* were displayed in hostile array, I retired to my hut.

I was soon joined by the captain, who conversed with me the remainder of the evening. He talked of the country of France, New Orleans, St

Domingo, and various other subjects, but made no allusion to his own proceedings, till happening to mention the danger his men were in of murdering each other in their fits of intemperance, he at once expressed his disgust at *that* vice, with which he could not reproach himself; and then becoming more familiar, candidly confessed that he had been long tired of his violent course of life, but that from his misfortunes, and the impossibility of re-entering society with his former rank, he saw no alternative but to continue his career.

The most interesting particulars of his former life that I learned from his conversation on this and some succeeding evenings, I have condensed into a short narrative.

Louis de Trappe, at the early age of twenty, was sent by his father, a wealthy merchant of Bordeaux, to superintend his estates in the island of St Domingo. He was there received with West Indian kindness and hospitality, was pleased with the planters, was beloved by them, lived happy; and when business required his presence in Europe, at the end of five years, he left the Island to the universal regret of the whole white and coloured population. Soon after his arrival, he visited Paris, to see its refined society, its theatres, and never-ending variety. Here he became acquainted with the *aimables roués* of the time, the young men of fortune or fashion, who then figured in the dangerous *salons* of the *Rue Richelieu*, or behind the scenes of the Opera. He was initiated, of course, into all the secrets of fashionable extravagance, and saw too many of the nymphs of *Terpsichore*, for his peace of mind, or the stability of his future fortunes. But this was not all. The demon of *play* took possession of his bosom; and the facilities of gratifying that passion in the capital were so numerous, that once within its vortex, there remained little chance of his escaping without total ruin.—His losses at play, however, were not so considerable during his stay in Paris, as to have important influence

on his future life if the *habit* itself had not become rooted and inveterate. After a few months absence, he returned to his father an altered, and by no means, a better man. In Bordeaux he commenced the same career of extravagance; but his father dying soon after and leaving no other son, it became necessary for him to return once more to the West Indies to look after his inheritance; here the cares of business weaned him for a time from his unfortunate habits; but with the settlement of his affairs, came idleness and ennui; gaming was resorted to as a pleasant excitation—as something to occupy the mind; and the usual consequences followed—loss, embarrassment, and ruin! Estates were mortgaged or sold to supply the means of extravagance, or to discharge debts incurred; till in the year 1790, he disposed of the last plantation that remained of his former splendid possessions. When every debt was discharged, he found that five hundred dollars formed his whole remaining fortune; and with this pittance he was too proud to remain amidst the scenes of his former magnificence. He retired to Baltimore, in the United States. Money was not at that time, nor perhaps ever was, indispensably requisite to commence extensive business in America, and M. de la Trappe had as much to begin the world with as most of his enterprising neighbours. Englishmen were the only fools who embarked their *own* money in mercantile speculations; the consequence naturally followed, they soon found their funds slipping through their fingers, and becoming transferred to the pockets of their scrupulous competitors. Our Bordelese began business in partnership with an American, as commission merchants in the city of Baltimore. Former connections in the French West Indies, and knowledge of languages on the part of the Bordelese, attention to the details of business on the part of the American, and the favourable circumstances of the moment, gave them soon as much business as they could manage. They

became generally known, and having the appearance of doing well, became of course generally respected; their capital rapidly accumulated, and the disturbed state of Europe enabled them to realize enormous profits by the transmission of French West Indian produce to France, under cover of the American flag. In 1793 an opportunity presented itself of making large sums by the purchase of coffee in St Domingo, and after three years absence, M. de la Trappe again returned to Port-au-Prince. In ten days he had completed his purchase, sent off two vessels for Baltimore, and was himself on the eve of embarking when he was suddenly seized as a conspirator, thrown into a noisome prison, and there remained without inquiry or investigation, for the space of five months, till by the temporary predominance of another faction than that which had detained him, he at last obtained his liberation. At his release he found that his former remaining friends had either been murdered, or had left the island, and he considered himself exceedingly fortunate in being offered by a humane English captain, a passage to Baltimore. He hastened to his warehouse on his arrival, but it was shut up; he was told that a few weeks after his departure, his partner had *failed*, had made a composition with some *soi-disant* creditors, and had then removed to New Orleans!

After many inquiries, he found that two vessels of the same name as those he sent from St Domingo, had arrived at New York, where their cargoes were disposed of for the benefit of unknown persons; it was thus ascertained, that his partner had stopped the ships on their voyage up the Bay of Chesapeake, and sent them to New York, to accomplish his abominable robbery with ease and security. For such a fraud, *little* redress was to be expected from the laws of the United States, and *none* from those of New Orleans, then a Spanish Colony. The Frenchman thus found that all his good resolutions, good conduct, skill, and perseverance, had

been of no avail; and that he was now reduced to a more deplorable state than he had ever been. He went to New Orleans, found that his late partner had purchased a valuable sugar plantation near the city, and was making a brilliant figure among the dashing planters of Louisiana. The swindler and the victim of his fraud soon met near the Café R., the resort of merchants; the Frenchman laid hold of his antagonist, who immediately drew his pocket companion—the *pocket companion of every planter*,—his *dirk*, and aimed a blow; the Bordelese retreated a step, drew his pistol, fired, and laid the ruffian swindler dead at his feet. He returned to his hotel in the *Rue de la Marche* without opposition. As soon as evening lent shades to his flight, he left the city, travelled through various parts of Texas, Opelousas, and along the banks of the western *bayous*; after many adventures, he met part of his present associates, in the *little tavern on the bank of Natchez*; joined them in their incursions, displayed superior address, temperance and precaution; became their leader, and about two years before, had established his band at their present retreat in the *wilderness*.

Such were the principal facts that I collected from the Captain's conversation; but though I doubted not of his general veracity, I thought it singular that so short a space of time should have rooted out almost every spark of humanity from his bosom. According to his own acknowledgment, he had become perfectly indifferent to the shedding of blood. He was a misanthrope both in principle and practice. My own preservation he attributed solely to my having saved the life of Joseph, one of the most intelligent and enterprising of his associates.

Three weeks had now elapsed since my captivity began, and time rolled on without bringing any prospect of release. About half the band had set off some time before for Natchez, to dispose of their plunder, and to purchase necessities for the establish-

ment. It was contemplated at their departure that their absence would not exceed two weeks; that period was approaching, and I was waiting anxiously for the moment when the Captain would fulfil his promise, and give me a horse to go to New Orleans. But I was not destined to travel with his permission, nor under the protection of his band. One afternoon, we heard a gun fired in the woods, apparently not far from us; the band assembled; and concluding that it must be some travellers chasing a deer, they set out to reconnoitre and surprise them. None remained behind but myself and Joseph. We were greatly surprised by the non-arrival of the band that night: morning appeared, still no appearance of them; but towards evening, we heard repeated shots in our vicinity, and at last one of the band came galloping up, all covered with blood, and desperately wounded. We assisted him from his horse, but his weakness was so great, that he could merely inform us that he believed "that the Captain and all that went out with him had been massacred by the Indians." Nothing of the particulars could we obtain, for the angel of death already waved its dark wings over him. While waiting the result in fearful suspense, a man in European dress came galloping along the stream, followed by several Indians, on foot and on horse-back. I walked out to meet them, making the usual signs of peace. The horseman dismounted immediately, and running up to embrace me, I recognized my lost friend the American. He instantly entered the huts, was fired at and missed by Joseph, at which he drew his pistols, and was about to send the bandit to his last account, when I interfered, and with difficulty saved his life. Thus far my debt of gratitude was paid; the *Captain's* hospitalities I could *never* return, for he had that morning been numbered "with the things that are not." The Indians now came straggling in, about thirty in all;—and having lighted large fires in front of the huts, they

were soon busy in preparing a repast, of which we all partook. The following was my friend's account of the means by which he had saved himself from the robbers, and accomplished my deliverance:—

“I had scarcely left you, (said he) when I heard the trampling of horses near me, and saw two men coming up cautiously, looking round on every side: I was in an open part of the forest, and saw no chance of escape. I succeeded, however, in getting behind a large live oak, and in a few minutes was happy to see the whole band ride past me. I then silently followed them to the river, saw them conversing, heard the shot fired at you, and the subsequent negotiation. I then glided off again to the woods, as cautiously as I advanced to the river; and as soon as I got beyond hearing, I travelled rapidly on, first direct from the river, and then towards the N. W. which course I followed the whole of that night and next day. Along my path I found a few papaws and chesnuts which repressed the hunger that began to attack me. On the second night, I took two hours rest, but took care not to fall asleep; I then continued my journey the whole of next day, occasionally picking up some papaws and wild grapes as I passed along; travelled the whole night, when I took some sleep at day-break, continued my journey again till the middle of the night, when I took my first sound sleep. On awaking some hours after sun-rise, I was astonished to find two *Chickasaw* Indians sitting beside me. They had perceived me while passing along, and with true Indian feeling, had not disturbed my slumbers. I explained to them my situation as far as my knowledge of Indian dialects enabled me; when they informed me that they, along with some families of their tribe, were on their way to the western banks of the Mississippi, because the constant inroads of the Americans had spoiled their hunting grounds. They turned back with me to their encampment, about ten miles off,

where I was received by the whole tribe with great kindness; the *squaws* immediately prepared some venison and corn cakes for me, and you may imagine how delicious they were after living four days on papaws and wild fruit! As soon as my meal was over, the warriors of the tribe assembled round me: I told them of my adventures among the *Kanzas*, how I had become *home-sick*, came with you from St Louis, how you were attacked, and how I escaped. I then endeavoured to persuade them to rescue you and your cargo; but they would not consent: for the robbers, they said, had done them no harm, and I believe they were rather afraid of them. Still I remained with the tribe, hoping further entreaty might prevail; but had it not been for the arrival of another part of the tribe, I should have been altogether disappointed. The hope of booty, which I was continually holding out, at last prevailed: and about thirty of the young men, accompanied by old *Kin-ka-poo*, set out with me six days ago to attempt your deliverance. The Indians knew to within twenty miles of the hiding place, but as we knew not the strength of the band, we were obliged to be cautious. We sent scouts towards the Tennessee country, but no traces of travelling were found. We sent men also on the route that leads from the robbers' settlement to Natchez, and they returned immediately with the joyful intelligence of having seen the marks of 30 or 40 horses, from which we concluded that one half at least of the garrison were absent. I now approached to within 30 miles of this place, when I left all the Indians but two, who came along with me to a part of the wood where we imagined we should be heard by the robbers. I fired a gun, and we then galloped off to join our companions. The robbers sallied out as I expected, and followed our tracks till they came to a *salt lick*, where we had taken effectual precautions to conceal our future progress. The banditti here separated to scour the forest, while

we remained in their immediate neighbourhood. All was quiet during the night. At day-break, I perceived two of the robbers approaching; I immediately appeared in an open part of the wood, and galloped off in the opposite direction. After blowing a bugle, as a sign to their associates, they pursued me two or three miles till I approached a hollow, where I had placed most of the Indians in ambuscade; this I rode past, with the two robbers not twenty yards behind me. The Indians fired a volley, and they both fell, pierced with many wounds. On stripping one of them, I found a handsome French pocket-book, with the name "*L. de la Trappe, Bordeaux, 1784.*" We continued to approach cautiously, and soon came in sight of three more of the banditti; they galloped up to us, fired their rifles, and wounded two of our Indians; but we soon put them down. We afterwards fell in with the rest of the band who were seeking for us, and we have altogether settled about twelve or fourteen, as far as I can collect. But after putting them down, I should not have known where to find you had it not been for that groaning scoundrel (the wounded robber) who galloped off after I had wounded him, and thus shewed the road to this hiding place. But all that's past—now for the future. We *must* leave this place to-morrow to prevent surprize; for though we may be able to cope with the remainder of the band, they may bring twenty other freebooters along with them."

After the Indians had finished their supper, we brought out two large kegs of whiskey, and they soon sat down to hard drinking, while we took care to uncork the kegs of wine and spirits that remained, to prevent their getting so much as to begin murder-

ing each other. While the Indians were busy at their cups, we visited the hut where the spoils were kept, and brought away whatever was most portable, including some valuable furs of my own. This night, the last I passed in the scene of my captivity, sleep was a stranger to my eyelids. The vicissitudes of the day were too strange not to give rise to many and sad reflections. The Indians, meanwhile, after their deep carousing, had fallen asleep, all but the venerable *Kin-ka-poo*, whom neither age nor fatigue could disable from keeping watch over his companions. At day-break, we prepared some coffee, roused the Indians, told them we must set off immediately, and that they must hasten to distribute the plunder. The distribution lasted three hours. We then left the glen of robbers and emerged into the forest. At our first evening halt, we found that Joseph had escaped, but we made no search after him. On the fourth day, I reached the Indian encampment. I there procured horses and guides, and accompanied by my late deliverer, the American, continued my journey to New Orleans.

Thus ended my adventure on the banks of the Mississippi. More than twenty years have now elapsed; but I have never seen that mighty river since I was prisoner to the Bordelese and his band. My American friend repaired soon after to Philadelphia, (then the seat of government) where my statements of his conduct to ———, and ———, (Secretaries of State,) procured him the commission of Captain in the regular army, and the appointment of Indian agent for the Missouri. He is now General ———, and one of the first men in the American Republic.

THE DEAD INFANT.

O weep not for him; 'tis unkindness to weep,
The weary, weak frame hath but fallen asleep;
No more of fatigue or endurance it knows;
O weep not, O break not its gentle repose.

THE CHAMBER OF PSYCHE.

TREAD softly thro' these amorous rooms !
 For every bough is hung with life,
 And kisses in harmonious strife
 Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes.
 From Afric and the Persian looms
 The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
 And Heaven in its blue bounty flung
 These starry flowers and azure blooms !

Tread softly !—By a creature fair
 The Deity of love reposes :
 His red lips open, like the roses
 Which round his hyacinthine hair
 Hang in crimson coronals ;
 And Passion fills the arched halls ;
 And Beauty floats upon the air !

Tread softly, softly,—like the foot
 Of Winter shod with fleecy snow,
 Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
 Lest he should 'wake the Spring below.
 Oh, look ! for here lie Love and Youth,
 Fair spirits of the heart and mind ;
 Alas ! that one should stray from truth,
 And one be ever, ever blind !

Here lie they, like lost pleasures flung
 From Eden's rich and grassy bowers,
 Nourish'd both by breath of flowers
 Once, and still divine and young :
 Sure somewhere a green home must be,
 Though paradise and faith have flown,
 Where these two may slumber on,
 Sweet friends, into eternity !

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 219.]

GALLOWAY.—If we are not greatly mistaken, this gentleman was the author of a masterly pamphlet, which appeared in America, soon after the escape of Washington from Sir Wm. Howe and Cornwallis.—If so, Mr G. was a loyalist—and shewed, rather more conclusively than we should have liked, had *we* been the leader of His Majesty's forces in America, that Washington was entirely in the power of his adversary, more than once ; that nothing saved him, in crossing the Delaware, but imbecility or something worse on the part of his Majesty's generals.—Washington himself we know, *did* say, that he owed his escape to the infatuation of his enemy.—Yes, and well he might. Cornwallis had pursued him so hotly, through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, that, while the rear of one army was leaving each of those "places" in succession, the van of the other was entering it. Washington's whole power, when he had crossed—his whole army—that upon which the hopes of all America were cast, was only twenty-two hundred men—worn out—suffering every kind of hardship—and completely discouraged, by a long uninterrupted

series of disaster. *They* were leaving him by fifties and by hundreds—owing to the nature of their engagement : so that, in two days, he was reduced from thirty-three, to *seventeen hundred* men. Cornwallis had six thousand capital troops *chosen* for the purpose. Yet Washington was permitted, strange as it may seem, to cross a broad rapid river, with his miserable remnant of military power ; with all his baggage and stores (the loss of which would have been quite irretrievable to him ;) and *without* molestation.—The advance of Cornwallis put up, for the night, almost within cannon-shot of the Americans, while they were embarking.

There was a Mr Galloway—perhaps the same—in the Pennsylvania assembly. He distinguished himself about 1764-5—by opposing a petition of that body ; or *in* that body, for changing the proprietary to a regal form of government. Franklin afterwards published Mr G.'s argument, with a preface of his own.

GILMAN—REV. MR.—A Unitarian "clergyman," of Charleston, South Carolina ; formerly a contributor to the North American Review, for which he made some tolerable trans-

lations of Boileau. He was too much of a poet for that sort of job; and, we fear, though one of the most beautiful prose writers of the age—is too little of a poet now, for any generous, bold adventure in the way of poetry.—These Unitarian “clergymen,” by the by, are fine fellows in America: Mr Everett (see p. 147) is now going to the right field for him—Congress: he will make a figure, there, for a time; but will never be a statesman: Mr Sparks, we see, is turned editor: Mr Holley is now president of a college: Mr Pierpont—lawyer—merchant—poet—preacher—makes compilations “for the use o’ schools:”—*He* is a powerful man, however: *He* might be a statesman. These are Unitarian leaders.

GORDON, Dr—Wrote a history of the AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR, 3 vols. 8vo, which may be depended upon. He was an eye witness of what he describes; an Englishman, we believe: The work is crowded with materials, of which a great history might have been made. With a world of trash, there are some passages of extraordinary force and breadth in it: as, for example, the account of a German officer’s death and burial, on the top of a mountain, just before the surrender of Burgoyne.

GRIFFITH:—Ex-Consul to some French port; maker of a “supplement,” which is very well, so far as it goes, to the HISTORY OF MARYLAND, which, as we have said before, is not yet written. (See Bozman, (vol. II. N. S. p. 231.

GRIFFITH—JUDGE. Author and compiler of the LAW REGISTER, a work of great value, to those who have claims or property in any part of the United States. It contains all that is material, for a stranger, ay, or any body else—to know, of the *laws, course of practice and court rules*, in each of the twenty-eight communities, which go to make up the Union.

GRISCOMB—Author of “A YEAR IN EUROPE:” a plain, sensible, good sort of a man, who, after “running

over” here for a time: picking up a world of “pretty particular information, I guess;” overran, like another Cæsar, a considerable part of Europe; and precisely one year—to an hour—from the day of his de-barkation at Liverpool, re-embarked for America, where he ran out before all the world, about a twelvemonth ago, in a volume of commentaries, which are, certainly, very much to be wondered at, considering the precipitation of his movements here.—We have heard, but we *know* nothing of the matter, that he was “dispatched,” by some society of New York, to this *other* world, for information. It may be so—we don’t much like to accuse his countrymen of dispatching travellers; but certain of his movements here, certainly favour the notion. He had no *body* with him—that we are sure of; and up to the day of his departure, set all the laws of time and space at naught.

HALL—JOHN E.—A blockhead; editor of the Port-Folio (tautology that)—(see Dennie, p. 122); and “author” of many priceless works (to our knowledge)—an account of which, we herewith subjoin.

Thus—No. 1.—“HALL’s *Port-Folio*:” a Monthly Magazine, made up of *original* essays from our “periodicals,” newspapers, gazettes, &c. translations of translations; matter, for which the Philadelphians have not yet been able to invent a name—but which, when it is more than usually absurd or foolish, they call his own—poetry, of which we remember a verse:

“The wedding-day appointed was;
The wedding clothes provided;
But, on the day she was to wed,
She sickened and she die did.”

2. “HALL’s *Admiralty*” is a compilation from “Clark’s Praxis,” and some other English works; with a few meagre notes, which, so far as they go, only serve to mislead a student, or neutralize the text.

3. “HALL’s *Justice*”—A shameless piece of quackery, with a candid fair title, nevertheless—a paltry compilation, with what amounts to *caveat*

emptor upon the back—from the Laws of Maryland; wherein the author, under pretence of assisting the *lay gens*, among other characteristic, ingenious expedients to swell the volume, has the impudence to give two copies—both of which are false—of the same “precedent,” as he calls it, which “precedent,” by the way, is a bill of sale!

4. “HALL’S *Emerigon*”—A poor translation, with two or three tolerable notes (which of course are not his own) of a poor French book, on the Law of Insurance. These works, we should observe, are *only* to be found among the wholesale collectors of America—the auctioneers; who will confirm our testimony. They *know* them to be priceless.—Nos. 2, 3, and 4, are light octavos; the rest, heavy enough.

5. “HALL’S *Law Journal*”—A compilation of refuse law tracts; old pamphlets; forgotten speeches—&c. —&c.—the best of all his “works;” being *entirely* a compilation.

As a writer, were he not one of those, the *whole* of whom we profess to give an account of, Mr John E. Hall, would not be worth our notice. He is a bad one—a mischievous one—a foolish one. He is endowed with less than moderate abilities:—with no scholarship; no principle; no heart—no courage—no decency—no character. And yet, strange as it may seem, he is worth calling sternly to account—worth driving before us, with a whip of scorpions.—There will be those—we know—the Spartans knew it—whom it were beneath a man to assail with anything but a whip. He is one of them. A child—an idiot, we know, may lift a flood-gate or a bar; draw a bolt, or turn a key—which—idiot as he is—may let in a deluge, upon a province.—He has done this.—He got possession, it were no easy matter to tell how—of a spring—a fountain, the waters of which *did* circulate, some years ago, (when it was troubled of the angels,) through all America—like wine. Into it, with a wicked, mercenary spirit, he has been pour-

ing a deadly poison—a pernicious exhilarating drug—month after month—until there are those, who relish the taste, and love the sparkle, of these impure waters.—He is, therefore, worth scourging; they, worth shaming.

Or—in sober, plain prose, John E. Hall was permitted, weak and wicked as he is, to get possession of the Port-Folio, after the death of Dennie, before anybody thought it possible for him, or it, in *his* hands, to be mischievous. With *that*, he is now able to provoke the indignation of those—whom, but for *that*—he could never hope to move any thing more than the pity of. With all his abominable stupidity, however, the man had cunning enough to see, that if he ventured much of *his* loading upon the Port-Folio, it would go to the devil, of course; and himself with it; wherefore he has contrived, year after year, to keep it afloat—and *his* chin above water—though he has been over head and ears with it, more than once—afloat—in spite of his own dead, ponderous imbecility, by freighting it with a buoyant material, which he pilfered from our magazines—when-ever he went ashore—that is, about once a month.

He has moreover succeeded, one hardly knows how, in making himself an outlaw, worth hunting down, upon all the sweet, calm charities of life; all the sanctities of retirement: He has done more—he has foregone the privileges of fools: put himself, by his appetite for vulgar notoriety, out of the protection, to which he was naturally entitled, by his insignificance; and all the laws of generous literary warfare. By his own brutal, cowardly disregard of all decorum, he has driven us to scourge the lion’s hide—though we know what is under it—inch by inch, from his back.—We await our reward.

HAMILTON—ALEXANDER. (See VANDERLIN, Vol. II. N. S. p. 355.) —A West Indian, by birth: Secretary of State under the administration of Washington: a soldier—a man—a statesman—a legislator (in

theory) of whom any people might be proud:—author, (jointly with Mr Madison, late President of the United States; and Judge Jay, formerly minister to this court—who wrote only two of the papers, we believe—author, so far, of a work, *THE FEDERALIST*, which may be called, seriously, reverently, the Bible of Republicans.—It is a large octavo volume—a series of essays, which appeared in defence of the Federal constitution, pretty much as it now is, before it had been adopted by the people.—It is a work, altogether, which, for comprehensiveness of design, strength, clearness and simplicity, has no parallel—we do not even except, or overlook, those of Montesquieu, and Aristotle—among the political writings of men.

While Hamilton was the Secretary of State, certain of his reports, upon the domestic relations of the country, were papers of extraordinary power: It was this Hamilton, with whom Washington quarrelled, in the Revolutionary war; and whom Burr shot in a duel. The quarrel with Washington was only for a moment. Washington was imperious—absolute: Hamilton, youthful, haughty and fearless. Washington spoke to him, rather too much like a master. Hamilton drew up; and gave him a word of caution, which was never forgotten; though, when Washington came to make up his political household, he put all recollection of it aside, and called him to the first office under him, in the Federal administration.

HARPER—ROBERT GOODLOE—A remarkable specimen of the self-educated class: a senator: a member of Congress, where he held a commanding influence, year after year: a statesman—whose *great* speech, Cobbett swears that *he* (Cobbett) made for *him* (Harper): a good mechanic. (having been a cabinet-maker in his youth; a circumstance of which he makes no secret): a good captain: a good—perhaps a great lawyer. His writings are chiefly political. They are not collected, we believe; but certainly deserve to be, with

great care. They are energetic, manly, profound, satisfactory.—We hold him to be, altogether, one of the ablest men that North America has produced.

HAYDEN—HORACE, Dr, a Yankee, author of the “*GEOLOGICAL ESSAYS*” to which we alluded some time ago—(see BEAZLY, vol. II. N. S. p. 356): a valuable work nevertheless, although one is occasionally disturbed by the pompous, absurd style, in which little matters are spoken of. It is a prodigious accumulation of material—fact, argument, reason—of which great use might be made; but of which little is made. We think highly of Dr Hayden as a geologist; mineralogist—and also, as a dentist. He has written ably upon the diseases of teeth; lectured in the “*Maryland University*”—so called—on the same subject; and we are quite sure is master thereof.—He has also—such are the strange pursuits of a learned Yankee;—he has also found out a method of tanning leather, in four hours, for which he has obtained a—patent; and a method of preserving anatomical preparations “*to all eternity*”—which we take to be quite a desideratum with every body, but our resurrection-men: Both of these discoveries, however, Mr Charles Whitlaw claims to have given Dr Hayley, the “*first idee*” of.

HUNTER—JOHN, D. Author of the book, which is called *HUNTER’S NARRATIVE*.—A very honest fellow, at bottom—spoiled by absurd attention here; with a world of cunning; who forgot his part, as a North American savage, entirely before he left us.—He could not get up a better book, without assistance; although, we dare say, that, after all the pruning; alteration, correction, etc. etc. which the “*NARRATIVE*,” has undergone, there is not a paragraph left, as it was written by him.

HUSTON—Editor of the *MINERVA*: formerly one of the writers for Dr Coleman’s *EVENING POST*—(a valuable paper—) Mr Huston we are told, is English; at any rate, his

writings are, though he *does* maintain, that Sir W. Scott is not—we state it strongly—the author of his own works: that on the contrary, “one Dr Greenfield” is: and moreover, that *he* (Mr H. we suppose—the article wearing an editorial face) did actually see the MS. of a novel, in the possession of a London publisher; which MS. was in the handwriting of Dr G., and afterwards appeared in print, as one of the Waverley novels.—We may err a little, perhaps, in the particulars; but, substantially, we are correct, in saying that such positive testimony did appear, some 18 months ago, in the MINERVA.

HILL—IRA. Another Yankee. (See BEAZLY, vol. II. N. S. p. 356.) This man’s “THEORY OF THE EARTH,” is one of the most capital affairs that we know of; unless, perhaps, that paper of Irving, in the Introduction to Knickerbocker, upon the same question, be as good.—The chief difference is, that Irving is undoubtedly in fun, while he appears to be profoundly in earnest: Ira Hill profoundly in earnest, while he appears to be only in fun. It is, after all, however, a mighty ingenious book—was rather satisfactory to *ourselves*—and if he would put forth a new edition, with a burlesque title, would go down, yet:—Or, if the book should not, he would. Absurd as it is on some accounts, however, it is, on others, an essay of singular merit.

HISTORY—There is hardly a state in the whole “Union,” without a history of its own: Some ten or a dozen have been put forth concerning the United States—America—the Revolutionary war, etc. etc. and yet, up to this hour, the best account of America, the Revolutionary war, and all, has been the work of a stranger—an Italian—a writer who had never set his foot in America. His name was CARLO BOTTA.—A plenty of material may be found for a good history.—Professor EBELING’s collection of itself: that, which he gave to Harvard University some years ago, is a mine

of learning about America. He was a stranger too; a German.—RAMSAY is romantic, loose, declamatory, and credulous: MARSHALL, (Chief Justice of the Supreme Court,) insupportably tiresome; and, with all his great honesty, care, and sources of information, from the papers of Washington, greatly mistaken, several times, in matters of importance: GORDON, fatiguing: a mere catalogue of undigested, undigestible transactions: all matter; no workmanship, as a whole; Mrs WARREN—a woman: TRUMBULL, sound; but a little too wise thoughtful, particular, in ordinary affairs, clumsy, credulous, without ardour:—ALLEN—partly trash; partly newspaper wisdom; partly rhodomantade; partly writing, of a noble, strong, bold character—determined—eloquent—original—but, murdered by typographical blundering.—Allen, by the way, must not bear this load. He is too honest a fellow; too good a man; has enough to answer for on his own account. It was the transgression of others—Neal and Watkins.—Be it on their heads. R. WALSH, DR—*could* write a book about America, by which he would be remembered, if he were to undertake it, like a man; discharging his heart of all bitterness; foolish rancour; jealousy and fear.

HOFFMAN—DAVID—Professor of Law in the University of Maryland—a highly respectable institution; but no University. It is, in fact, only a medical college; with a law faculty, of which Mr H. is the professor.—He is the author of a small work, of which we think very highly.—He calls it “A COURSE OF LEGAL STUDY.”—His views are more extensive, by far, than those of any other person, who *professes*, or lectures upon law, in America; and, with a few trivial exceptions, dignified, worthy, and admirable. He teaches that men are not lawyers by intuition: that he, who is called upon to expound law, *may* have occasion to know what he is talking about; *may* wish that he knew something of history, legislation, languages. He would have the

name of a lawyer something more than a by-word among men—a reproach—a nick-name.

HOLLEY—REV MR—Another Unitarian clergyman : formerly a preacher of Boston, Massachusetts : one of the most eloquent speakers of the age—or declaimers, rather : a showy, beautiful rhetorician : president of the Transylvania “University,” so called—an academy on a respectable footing—hardly a college : a miserable prose writer—in comparison with *himself as a speaker*, we mean.—He

never appears to say what he means ; or to mean what he says, with a pen.

HOLLEY—Brother of the last : associate editor of the New York Magazine, a journal which died of its own talkativeness.

HUTCHINSON—The last royal governor of Massachusetts ; about which province he wrote a good, strong substantial history. It has been well continued by MINOT. Gov. H. was the client of Mr Solicitor General Wedderbourne (see FRANKLIN, p. 214) when he abused Franklin.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

FORGET me not—forget me not !
But let these little simple flowers
Remind thee of his lonely lot,
Who loved thee in life's purer hours,
When hearts and hopes were hallowed things,
Ere gladness broke the lyre she brought ;
Then oh ! when shivered all its strings,
Forget me not—forget me not !

We met, ere yet the world had come
To wither up the springs of truth,
Amid the holy joys of home,
And in the first warm blush of youth ;

We parted, as they never part
Whose tears are doomed to be forgot,—
Oh ! by that agony of heart,
Forget me not—forget me not !

Thine eye must watch these flowrets fade,
Thy soul its idols melt away,
But oh ! when friends and flowers lie dead,
Love can embalm them in decay ;
And, when thy spirit sighs along
The shadowy scenes of hoarded thought,
Oh ! listen to its pleading song,—
Forget me not—forget me not !

THE PALE BEAUTY.

THE sun had scarcely dipped his golden beams in the western ocean. His saffron hues still reflected innumerable beauties on the surrounding landscape, and attired it in that lovely mellowness which adds richness even to the picturesque charms of nature. The scene was altogether delightful. From the elevated summit of a long range of lofty cliffs, declining into a gentle valley, and softened by thick and ever varying foliage, the eye might trace an irregular line of neat white cottages, dotting the green underwoods like sheep scattered over a vernal meadow. Through this peaceful region, a river of ample breadth wound its translucent course, now buried in

mantling trees which extended their twisting arms from bank to bank across the flood, and now voluptuously glittering in the open light of heaven. Vessels freighted with rich cargoes were incessantly gliding down these almost quiet waters, and it was not unpleasing to catch the far-off strain of the pilot's song, as he stood upon the deck of his floating habitation, and enjoyed the luxuriant prospect.

Two young men, in shooting jackets, and with guns upon their shoulders, came loitering down a narrow path leading from the brow of the hill, to the village beneath : one of them was evidently a stranger, as he frequently stopped to gratify his ad-

miration, and to make inquiries respecting the various objects which arrested his attention.

"Yonder stands, or rather hangs, a beautiful cottage," exclaimed he to his companion; pointing, at the same time, to a picturesque rustic building which stood on the verge of an overshadowing cliff, in a little enclosure of thickly blossoming fruit trees.

"Yes," was the reply; and, pretty as the cottage may seem, it contains a young girl for its inhabitant, much prettier I can assure you."

"Indeed! who and what is she?"

"The queen of the village!"

"You must present me to pay homage at her feet, then."

"O, no; she's guarded by an old Cerberus of a father, who is too watchful, and too discreet for devotees of your lordship's temperament."

"Where will be the harm of taking a glance?"

"Beware of the danger; for though Amy Castleton be only a cotter's daughter, as the song says, your lordship would'nt prove the first knight that has come off worsted by the influence of her charms; 'tis too well ascertained, that Cupid, who is a capricious deity, has taken up his abode in yonder garden of roses, and discharges his arrows at all who are bold enough to cross his enchanted barrier."

"This raillery does but excite my curiosity. Ah, Charles! you are a sly dog! you live in this village like an eastern prince, and——"

"On my honour you mistake; besides, Amy Castleton is already engaged to a young man of some credit in the neighbourhood."

"A clown!"

"Not exactly! he's the curate, and lives in the red house yonder by the church: as soon as circumstances will admit, for he is in constant expectation of a living, he and Amy are to be married; now you know the whole story."

"Nevertheless, let us call at the cottage," answered the right honourable; "at all events it is ever delightful to look at a pretty face; and the

parson can't be offended at our admiration of what, no doubt, he so piously adores himself."

With these words, the young Lord Rosenberry continued to ascend the hill, followed by his companion, Charles Somerton, till they reached the little wicket which opened into the garden of Cliff cottage.

"Observe, my lord," said Charles, peeping through the hedge, "yonder prowls the invincible lord of the castle, Amy's father."

Rosenberry did as he was desired, and perceived from behind the branches, a man of serious deportment, tying up a branch of white dwarf roses, and too intent on his simple occupation to observe them. A young girl, in a quaker-like dress, came from the cottage while he was thus employed; she had a basket on her arm, furnished with silk netting, which she continued to work at, as she gaily and half unconsciously conversed with her father.

"That's Amy!" said Charles, in a subdued tone of voice to his friend, "isn't she *very* pretty?"

Lord Rosenberry continued to gaze, but it was in the surprise of disappointed expectation. Amy indeed was *very* fair; her light tresses waved luxuriantly down her well formed shoulders; she had fine eyes and fine teeth, but still there wanted, at least in the young nobleman's opinion, that certain air, that grace, that inimitable finish of feminine perfection, which invariably conquers at first sight.

"Well!" ejaculated Rosenberry, "is this your sylvan beauty? thank heaven my heart is still unsubdued."

"Be not too certain of that," answered Charles; others have thought like you, and have been in their turns deceived."

"Poor fellows!" was the reply, almost scornfully.

The young sportsmen were now driven from their ambuscades by the approach of the veteran of the garden to the spot where they had concealed themselves. Charles took advantage of the circumstance, and lean-

ing half over the low gate, inquired the hour. The person to whom this question was addressed, without once troubling himself to notice the individual who spoke, deliberately drew from his pocket an old fashioned watch, and after examining it for at least a minute, as coolly answered, "six," and continued to pick the dead leaves from the adjoining shrubs. Previously to this, Amy had suddenly retired, so that Lord Rosenberry had an undivided opportunity of contemplating her father. He was apparently a man of eccentric habits; his person, too, was rather singular. He was of low stature, somewhat awkwardly formed; his countenance seemed much flushed, or sun-burnt; he had pale blue, but sharply penetrating eyes, and his hair being chafed from his forehead by the premature hand of time, gave him a more venerable appearance than accorded perhaps with his years. He wore a long loose blue coat which reached down to his heels: the rest of his dress, even to his gaiters, was composed of nankin.

"Would it be too great a favour to request a cup of ale?" cried Lord Rosenberry, marking Castleton's freezing manner, and resolving to queer the old slouch, as he termed him to Charles.

"A cup of ale! why, no—a cup of ale, if that be all—a cup of ale"—the sentence was made up of a shuffling whistle, with which Mr Castleton disappeared among the tall raspberry bushes.

"Now," said the young lord, in a tone half laughing and half vexed, "is this a negative or an affirmative? for hang me if I can imagine."

"You perceive," answered Charles, "I told you exactly the truth; isn't he a very proper Cerberus to keep young fellows at a distance?"

"But you assured me, also, that Cupid nestled hereabouts; I marvel the villain doesn't come and unbolt this ugly spiked gate."

"Ah! my lord, these very spikes which you affect to despise so, are all the urchin's arrow heads; for

heaven's sake don't lean over them on the heart side."

The young men laughed, as young men frequently do, at the *little* witticisms of their own coining, when suddenly a neat looking elderly woman came towards them with ale and cakes on a salver of curious workmanship.

"Oh! is it you, young 'squire?" said she, to Charles; "well sure, master be so strange, why couldn't he ask a body in? howsomever, I say nothing; I hope your sisters be all well; and madam, your mother; and Miss Grace, your aunt; laud! when will she get a husband! why I remember she was on the look-out for one three and twenty years ago, when—but I say nothing; here's the ale, as fine and clear as ever was brewed, though to be sure we have gotten better—but I say nothing."

"And how is your young mistress, Mary? I hear she's going to be married."

"Why so she be, that is, as soon as parson knows how to get a living like; but ye see, preaching don't answer so well in these here parts as it does in tothers; well, I'm sure our Amy's more contented to wait an I should be; but, I—I say nothing."

"No, no, Mary, you are perfectly right," replied Charles, returning her the glass, and giving half a crown at the same time, "you are perfectly right."

"And what be this for, young 'squire?" said Mary, chinking the money on the old-fashioned salver.

"What for, why to buy yourself a rose-coloured ribbon with, and wear it at church; I suppose you'll all be there on Sunday; and Amy, and her father—ha?"

"To be sure; we never neglects *our* duty, either to God or to man!" was the answer, as Mary caught Lord Rosenberry's dark eye, and drew herself up with an air of primness.

"Well, you'll wear the rose-coloured ribbons?"

"Certainly I will; there can be no harm in it, I think."

"Harm! what harm should there be?"

"No; only I heard master saying young women should be always careful, not to lay themselves under obligations to—but I say nothing," and she deliberately put down the salver and deposited the money in a little silk purse which she drew from her pocket.

"That's a pretty purse!" observed Lord Rosenberry, "will you allow me to examine it?"

"All my own embroidery, some people might make a boast; but I—I say nothing."

Lord Rosenberry opened the purse, and dropped into it a sovereign; Mary saw the glare of gold through the netting, and she looked first at the purse, then at Lord Rosenberry, and then at the purse again: at that instant, the bluff voice of Castleton was heard among the raspberry bushes, exclaiming, "why, what the deuce! why, where the deuce!" and Mary, calling to her aid a profound curtsy, made her exit in an instant.

Our cavaliers, finding all further conference with the master of the cottage at an end, thought right to make the best of their way to the manor-house, the seat of Sir Abel Somerton, Charles's father. Charles had not long been from Eton, the scene of his first intimacy with his present fashionable companion, Lord Rosenberry, a young man of profligate and expensive habits, but withal possessing a sort of generous *nonchalance* which was extremely fascinating to those who were not at the pains of observing him with the eye of more than a mere acquaintance. His person was handsome and manly, and an air of elegant levity, peculiarly his own, rendered him a dangerous companion to those whose minds possessed not a considerable portion of forbearance to counteract the evil tendency of his propensities. At Somerton House, Lord Rosenberry was looked upon as a little deity; his rank, his connexions, his habits, were all esteemed as so many excellencies, and Sir Abel was not without hopes that, from the pointed attentions which were paid by Lord Rosenberry to his youngest daughter, a union

might be effected between the two families. How vain are the thoughts of a fond father who imagines a school-girl of fifteen is capable of riveting the affections of a man revelling in the extremes of fashion and voluptuousness, whose society is courted by the most elegant and accomplished, if not by the most correct of both sexes.

Somerton House, during the few days that Lord Rosenberry had passed there, was thronged by all the surrounding fox-hunters and their wives, and daughters; for Sir Abel was not the only silly old man who was on the look-out for a young lord. His lordship, however, began to be heartily tired of ruralizing, and purposed returning to Hanover Square on the Monday, when the accident of a moment led to a material alteration in his resolves. Lord Rosenberry went with the family to the village church on the Sunday. Was it that a spark of devotion excited him to visit the venerable pile? no—was it Christianity? no—it was nothing more nor less than the idea of laughing at old Mary's rose-coloured ribbons, and obtaining a second and unimpeded view of Amy Castleton, "the village beauty." It is no slight misfortune for a simple innocent girl to be distinguished as "*a beauty*."

Lord Rosenberry had been in church with the Somertons some few minutes, when in flourished Mary, majestically sweeping down the centre aisle, to open her master's pew, her head radiant with the fatal rose-coloured bow, which did not fail, in a country church, to excite universal attention. What a contrast was the foolish old woman, to the dove-like creature who followed her with slow and measured steps, supporting the weight of her father upon her arm; for old Castleton, it seemed, had accidentally slipped down a bank in his garden, and thus been rendered lame. Amy appeared simply dressed in a plain grey silk pelisse, with a Leghorn bonnet: she had no colour in her cheek; sometimes her very lips were pale; in looking at her it might

almost have been imagined that a statue of the most exquisite alabaster had suddenly been inspired with life. During the service Amy's eyes scarcely wandered from her book, except to the features of her father; once, she accidentally looked towards the young curate, and then indeed Lord Rosenberry observed that those pallid features, when irradiated by a blush, were lovely as the young morning warmed by the earliest tints of dawn. He envied the unconscious curate the excitement of that exquisite vermillion; and, strange as it may appear, a pang of the deepest jealousy rushed through his heart at the instant. When the congregation quitted the church, Sir Abel, who was regarded as the father of the village, stood to speak with several of the parishioners, among the rest, to Mr Selwin the curate, and to old Castleton, on the cause of his lameness. Amy replied to the conversation of the Misses Somerton with sweetness and affability; not, however, divested of rustic diffidence; but when the young lord attempted to address her, the answer was chilling as ice, and seemed to imply that the frozen soul within possessed not the faculty of animating a form so cold and death-like. Lord Rosenberry, for the first time in his life, was pained by a woman's indifference towards him. Was it that Amy, singular and peculiar as she seemed, had really made an impression on his heart? was it that his vanity could not support the regardless manner with which she treated him? During the day the imagined semblance of Amy was constantly before his eyes; at night it hovered round him in his dreams. He arose earlier than usual—the sun had scarcely tipped the summit of the hills, when he found himself walking on the banks of the river which flowed past the base of Castleton's cottage. It was a lovely morning; the perfume of a thousand flowers, as they distilled the pure dew, enriched the surrounding atmosphere: as the light sunbeams fell on the glossy bosom of the water, the sportive trout leaped

joyously from his liquid bed, and seemed for an instant to inhale the golden shower as it descended. Lord Rosenberry stood silently by the current; he neither observed the gay verdure, nor listened to the lively melody of the birds which now sweetly burst from the thickly waving foliage; he thought of nothing but Amy Castleton. Buried in a profound reverie, he seated himself on the trunk of a fallen oak, in which position he had scarcely remained ten minutes, when the piercing shriek of a female met his ear, and rushing to the opening covert, he beheld Mary, old Castleton's servant, wringing her hands and gazing frantically towards a half-sunken boat in the centre of the river. On the opposite bank Castleton himself had fallen to the earth in a state of insensibility, and Amy, the gentle Amy, was struggling for life in the remorseless water. Lord Rosenberry did not even stay to throw off his coat nor his hat; in an instant he plunged into the stream, and in an instant more Amy was at the feet of her father. Castleton, when he beheld his daughter safe, was almost frantic with joy: he frequently stooped to the earth where she still lay supported in the arms of her brave preserver, to kiss her cold lips, and as frequently bathed the hand of Lord Rosenberry with tears of almost childish gratitude. He was now an altered man; it was evident that, however his austerity might extend to a stranger, he wanted not the heart to requite the generosity of a friend. By the aid of some peasants, whom Mary's cries had drawn to the spot, a second boat was now procured and Amy conveyed home. Selwin, who soon heard of the accident, flew in nearly phrenzied haste to the cottage. How Rosenberry envied him the tears which Amy shed upon his breast at meeting! and how did Selwin envy the young nobleman the opportunity of rescuing Amy, even at the hazard of his own life, from a watery grave!

From this period, Lord Rosenberry became almost an inmate at Cliff

cottage ; the interesting circumstance which had occurred, seemed to rivet him to the village. Castelton and Selwin viewed him as the guardian genius of their peace ; and Amy, full of ingenuous artlessness, no longer treated him with distant and freezing reserve. Day after day beheld him a welcome guest at the hermitage ; and he even spoke largely of procuring a living for the confiding, happy Selwin. In the mean time, all went on well at the manor-house. Lord Rosenberry became even more marked in his attentions to Miss Julia Somerton : village gossips prophesied that it would *certainly* be a match ; but the loquacious Mary observed, that in her opinion people didn't sigh and look, and sigh and look for no reason, at Cliff cottage : she didn't mean the *parson*, but she always made it an invariable rule to say "*nothing*."

At length, Lord Rosenberry did *actually* succeed in procuring a living for Selwin in a distant part of the country. The curate, after taking a respectful leave of his patron, and an affectionate one of Amy and her father, set off to put himself in possession of his good fortune, and to make every domestic arrangement, previously to the early arrival of his intended bride. It was decided that the nuptials should be solemnized in six weeks ; on which occasion, Lord Rosenberry and Miss Julia Somerton had condescendingly promised to visit Oak parsonage as bridesman and maid. Five weeks soon passed away ; on the ensuing Monday, Selwin was expected to return. Old Castelton anticipated his arrival, the arrival of his intended son-in-law, with undisguised emotions of joy ; and often did the happy father bless aloud the hour which had sent them so powerful and benevolent a benefactor as Lord Rosenberry.

One evening, Castelton was sitting in his easy chair and enjoying himself in the reflection of the felicitous lot which awaited his innocent and darling Amy, who had gone that morning to take leave of a sick friend, a

friend whose best wishes and blessings at least would be sure to attend her to Oak parsonage. At length the church clock struck eight, but no Amy made her appearance. There was no danger in the path, which lay directly through the village : yet Castelton began to grow uneasy, and, starting from his seat, repeatedly paced to and fro in the centre walk of the garden ; and bending over the white gate, which commanded an extensive view of the country, endeavoured vainly to discern the well-known form of his daughter. The moon began to rise—the clock struck nine, but still Amy came not. He could endure this suspense no longer, but desiring Mary to bring him his hat and stick, was about to quit the cottage as the latch of the gate fell, and turning round with a tone of pleasure, yet half angry with himself, "she is here at last," said he, "how foolish I am."

The door now flew open hastily ; it was not Amy, it was Selwin, and all Castelton's fears rushed back in an instant. "Where is my dear Amy?" was Selwin's first inquiry, while he grasped Castelton's hand in the fervour of a happy greeting. "Gone to poor Miss Howard's—I suspect the young lady is more than usually indisposed by Amy's not returning : I was just going to——"

"To Miss Howard's?" repeated Selwin, in some dismay, "why, I called on my way hither, to inquire after her health ; Amy was not there, nor has she visited the house for the last fortnight." A crimson, and almost burning hue hurried across Castelton's brow, which was as rapidly succeeded by a ghastly paleness. Amy had never in her life been guilty of uttering a falsehood, and only some unforeseen accident could possibly have prevented her doing as she had said.

"Good God!" cried he, trembling with alarm, "let us go ; while I have been calmly employed at home, some dreadful misfortune may have befallen my only child."

Selwin turned involuntarily towards the door : an incomprehensible

emotion of the most painful nature seemed bursting his inmost heart, and extending his arm to the terrified father, he offered him such assistance as he felt ashamed to acknowledge his own agitated limbs required.

"O! are ye going out, both on ye?" inquired Mary, who suddenly entered the room; "well, when ye come back will do, but I don't know what to make of this."

"To make of what, Mary?" asked Selwin, observing her haggard look with increasing alarm.

"Why, of this here letter, which I found on the pillow of master's bed when I went to tuck it up; why 'tis written in Amy's own hand; to my dear, dear father!"

Castelton snatched the letter; he struggled to believe it was a circumstance of no importance which almost convulsed his breast: he endeavoured to break the seal, but in vain, and giving the paper to Selwin, he seated himself in despairing calmness, as if to await the disclosure of some dreadful secret. Selwin began to read. "My beloved father, when your eye meets this, I shall be far away. How, how shall I disclose myself the hypocrite I am—Lord Rosenberry has my heart—I would become his bride—you would insist on my marrying Selwin—I pity, but—"

"D—her pity!" vociferated Castelton, in a groan of torturing distress and consternation; "she shall—she—she—O Amy! Amy! O my poor lost, misled child!" and he fell back in his chair, while Mary stood by his side and wept bitterly.

Selwin saw nothing of the dismay around him—he had thrown himself on a bench in the narrow window frame; his face was buried in his hands; and the deep sobs, as they escaped from his disappointed breast, too plainly spoke that he was not the least affected of that miserable group. The first to break the reign of speechless grief was Castelton himself. A desperate firmness seemed to enter his mind at once, and grasping Amy's letter, he read it hastily from beginning to end—"and does the girl really suppose,"

said he, wildly, "that the libertine, whose arts could persuade her to abandon her heart-broken father, to place her innocence in the hands of a villain like himself, does she credit the assurance that he will ever make her Lady Rosenberry, when he has that innocence completely in his power? O no, no; but inasmuch as she has stung me deeply, deeply, and brought shame and ruin on my aged head, I lift up my hands thus despairingly to heaven, and invoke a curse."

The wretched old man raised up his shrivelled hands at these words; his eye was turned towards the ceiling, and his whole figure seemed almost superhuman. Mary screamed, and Selwin, starting from his seat, besought him in the name of that high Being who alone has a right to inflict vengeance, to forbear. "Consider," said he mildly, "if you and I could be so deeply imposed on by this Lord Rosenberry, as to believe him possessed of an upright principle, and honorable mind, how natural it was for one so guileless as poor Amy to be misled by his cruel arts; the fault has not been so much with her as with us."

"I see," answered Castelton, "abandoned as she is, you, you love her still; but for me, I blot her from my breast forever; viper as she is, I forget her;" and his faltering accents and bloodless cheek betrayed how much at variance were his parental feelings with his stern discourse. When he had succeeded in composing Castelton's mind to some degree of resignation, Selwin repaired to the manor-house to make inquiries respecting Lord Rosenberry's address in town, as he was determined to follow, and if not too late, rescue the unfortunate victim of his perfidy; but what was his consternation on learning that his route had been direct to the nearest sea-coast for the purpose of transacting some important business on the Continent, which was the excuse alleged for his speedy and abrupt departure. The news therefore of his flight with Amy was amply calculated to excite the indig-

nation of the Somertons ; and Julia, to whom he had formerly paid his addresses, was seized with an alarming indisposition in consequence, which threatened to terminate fatally. Time, however, and a good constitution, eventually succeeded in effecting her restoration, at least to health. Amy's father was less fortunate ; a violent fever attacked his frame, and settled on his nerves ; and in the end completely, perhaps fortunately, wrecked his mind. For Selwin, he sought that consolation which every virtuous mind may always find in religion, and studied to recollect nothing of Amy but her perfections. He even condemned *himself* in some measure, when he reflected on the cruelty of entrusting a girl so young and inexperienced to the frequent solitary society of a man, both personally and mentally endowed with qualifications powerful enough to overcome a much stronger and more worldly informed mind ; besides, he had fatally preserved her life, though, as it should seem, still but to blight it ; and how frequently has gratitude been the earliest deepest source of love !

Three years passed away, in the course of which many alterations had occurred in the village. The fate of Amy, during all that time, was a pitiable one ; she found too late that her artless misplaced confidence in a wretch who had basely led her to deceive the virtuous friends of her past life, was only to be ended in the wreck of all that earth contains for an uncorrupted mind to estimate : affection was requited by indifference, and tears by reproaches. To complete even the ruin of ruin, Rosenberry quarrelled with an opponent at a gaming-table ; the consequence was, a duel, and his own untimely end. Amy now became destitute : many a time she had sighed to return to her father ; but the recollection of her infamy forbade it ; she scarcely dared, even in thought, to contemplate the form of that indignant parent, whom, she doubted not, her guilt had rendered miserable ; alas ! even Amy

little imagined how miserable. Her life had long since been joyless ; her beauty declined ; and even the paleness of her cheek had become paler still : to complete the picture of despair, she was a mother, and the creditors—for Rosenberry died deeply involved—deprived her of every necessary, except the apparel of herself and infant, and left her to solicit charity of the benevolent and ostentations in the open street. Could those whose hearts are inclined to err, have beheld Amy as she turned from the door of her recent dwelling, and looked back with an aching breast on the disarranged furniture, which several street porters were dragging from the house, marked and purchased at the prevailing auction within, it would have been a caution and a lesson of an infallible description ; but, ah ! could they have read the heart of that frail changed penitent, bursting as it was with remorse and woe, a mother without food for her deserted sickly babe—a daughter writhing beneath all the overwhelming tortures of a father's curse, the most rigid might have pitied her condition—the more compassionating have shed tears of anguish for her lamentable destiny. Scorned by the world, even by those who more needed the requisite of christian virtue than herself, how did she languish for that once indulgent breast, whereon, when innocent, she could repose her declining head in illness or in sorrow !—No hospitable door was now open to receive her ; she had no home to anticipate, beyond the grave of her seducer ; and it was seated on that grave, in all the wildness of phrenzied bitterness, that Amy resolved once more to behold the countenance of her father, to supplicate his forgiveness, to place her infant at his feet and expire. December had already stripped the forest trees of their latest leaves ; the snow lay in deep ridges along the valleys, and the cold was excessive : Amy had walked nearly all that day, and, as the evening approached, succeeded in gaining the entrance of her native village.

Her thin cloak was carefully wrapped round the sleeping half-famished babe at her bosom, when the well-remembered sight of the church spire conjured up a host of indescribable emotions; a thrill of shame rushed across her soul at the recollection of Selwin, and leaning on a broken stile for support, gladly would her lacerated feelings have sought relief in tears, but even tears were no longer permitted to assuage the sufferings of Amy. In the midst of this distress, she beheld two men approaching, and wishing to escape their observation, retreated behind some underwood, resolving not to enter the village till dusk should screen her despised form from the finger of indignation.

"'Tis a melancholy business!" said one of the men, as he passed near the place of Amy's concealment; "to try and make away with himself—in the same part of the river, too, where Amy, his abandoned daughter, was so near being drowned: I pulled him out just in time: shame on all wanton husseys, say I, who bring down ruin on their families in this manner; they deserve——"

Amy heard no more: the conviction that her father had attempted to destroy himself, caused a deadly sickness to enervate her whole frame; her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth; with scarcely strength to hold the child in her arms, she attempted to cry out; but the men were beyond hearing, long ere her benumbed faculties had revived. Amy felt herself alone—she possessed only sufficient power to sink on her knees in silent prayer, and to invoke the lenity of that Creator who never deserts us, no not even in our sins.

Evening began to draw its murky veil over surrounding objects, as Amy slowly paced through the narrow street of which she had once been the pride and boast: how altered were her feelings from those of happier times! She beheld the comfort-inspiring fire streaming through the lattices of the different cottages, cottages wherein she had passed many a playful hour, hours that had faded

forever: she met one or two of her former companions; she trembled to encounter them; but, in the dejected being before them, they caught no recollection of the pale, but beautiful Amy Castelton, and passed on. At length, with faltering steps, and worn out by care and fatigue, she reached the little white gate of the cottage; her hand touched the latch, it seemed like the grasp of an old friend, except that it was cold and icy, but cold and almost icy was the shrunken hand that pressed it. Amy could perceive, that the garden had been much neglected by her father since her departure; the summer-house wherein she used to sit had fallen into ruins, and the evergreens, the only signs of vegetation allowed by the season, had run to waste and were trailing over the pathway. A candle burned dimly in Castelton's bed-chamber, which was on the ground floor. Towards the window of this apartment Amy rather staggered than walked, anxious to obtain the glimpse of one friendly face which might inspire her with resolution to enter; for now that she was preparing to cast herself at the feet of her injured, perhaps dying parent, the terrors of his malediction began to revive. A low murmuring voice struck upon her ear, and fearfully gazing across the slight curtain, she beheld Selwin, her abused, wronged Selwin on his knees, in humble devotion, by the side of her father's bed, while Mary was standing near, watching the meagre and cadaverous countenance of her almost expiring master. As Amy continued to behold them, her father, who had remained for some moments perfectly still, suddenly turned his head towards the lattice, and fixing his sunken eyes intently upon it, convulsively, he half rose in his bed, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and fell senseless on his pillow. Amy's mind became disordered at this dreadful sight; she believed that her father had observed her through the gloom, and that her fatal presence, in a moment of such extreme weakness, had destroyed him. A loud shriek es-

caped her lips—the infant fell from her bosom, and in all the distraction of a maniac, she rushed into the cottage, exclaiming, “Not till you have forgiven me! not till you have forgiven me! my father, stay!—” and throwing herself upon his neck, she raised him frantically in her arms.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of Selwin and Mary at so unexpected a sight: at first they scarcely believed their senses, that the blighted figure, which had come thus unlooked for into the chamber of death, could be Amy Castelton, her whom they once so loved, and whom, notwithstanding her fault, they were inclined to love still. At length, as Selwin was about to speak, the cry of a child arrested his attention; with that humanity which ever marked his conduct, he hurried toward the garden, and snatching up the infant, brought it into the house. Amy heard the voice of her babe; she saw, too, that Selwin had rescued it from perishing, and a beam of almost celestial gratitude seemed for an instant to light up those pale features which she did not dare to lift towards his. Castelton, who had been slowly recovering, at the moment when the curate was about to

entreat Amy to retire, lest the surprise should occasion him a relapse, now opened his eyes, and fixing them on the countenance of his daughter, he endeavoured to raise himself so as to peruse her altered looks with intense inquiry: the vague smile of insanity which had rested on his brow during the time of her absence, was succeeded by a flush of joyful emotion, and throwing himself into her arms with an hysteric laugh, “you are come at last, Amy! you are come at last!” cried he, and expired.

Selwin and Mary were but too sensible that poor Castelton was no more; while Amy appeared quite unconscious of the fatal change. Selwin thought, by presenting the infant, to divert her attention from the body of her father, which had now fallen into its former position on the bed, but in vain—she continued to gaze at the lifeless body before her with unabated stillness. No sigh escaped her bosom—no tear streamed from her eyes, which were open and fixed; and it was not till Selwin felt the thrilling coldness of Amy’s hand, that he perceived those eyes were fixed in death.

SAY NOT MY YEARS TOO FEW HAVE BEEN.

SAY not my years too few have been
To learn the world’s deceit,—
That seldom in life’s varied scene,
May youth and sorrow meet:
Will sorrow be content to sleep
Till time has roused its power?—
Is there a date to learn to weep—
Comes it not every hour?

The fatal word by fate impress’d
On childhood’s tender page,
Chides every joy of youth to rest,
And leaves a life of age.
And though a momentary light
Might sparkle from my eye,
’Twas but the meteor of a night—
No native of the sky.

MORNING.

THE air is cool; the russet earth is moist with morning’s dew;
Creation’s face, all fresh and bright, puts on its gayest hue,
The noisy world is slumbering yet, and labour is at rest;
But just reclin’d tir’d Fashion’s head on sleepless pillow press’d.

The wakeful lark alone has left her nest, and mounting high
On early wing, she hails the day with carols to the sky;
Aloft she soars, and seems to call the hind to his employ,
And wakes the feather’d choir to join with her in notes of joy.

With what delight I rove abroad at this sweet hour of prime,
 In silent rapture to enjoy fair Nature's calm sublime,
 To tread unseen her dewy lawns, breathe the unrifed air,
 Taste the fresh fragrance of the mead emboss'd with flow'rets fair!

In every blossom I behold, thee, O my God! I trace,
 And grateful own thy sovereign power, thy bounty and thy grace.
 Thus grant me to improve each morn, thy mercies still adore,
 Nor let me waste in sleep the time that nothing can restore.

COMPLAINT OF AMINIEU DES ESCAS,

A CATALONIAN TROURADOUR, WHO FLOURISHED ABOUT THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, UNDER JAMES II. KING OF ARRAGON.

WHEN thou shalt ask why round thee,
 sighing,
 My mournful friends appear,
 They'll tell thee Aminieu is dying
 And thou wilt smile to hear.
 They will reproach thee with my fate ;—
 Yet why should they deplore?
 Since death is better than the hate
 I suffer evermore.

Why chid'st thou that in pensive numbers
 I dared my love to own ;
 The kiss we give to one that slumbers
 Is never felt or known.

And long I strove my thoughts to hide,
 Nor would my weakness show ;
 With secret care I should have died,—
 I can but perish now.

Oh! once I smil'd, in proud derision,
 At love and all its pain :
 The woe of others seem a vision,
 Our own the truth too plain !
 May'st thou yet feel the chilling void
 My soul has known too long !
 When this brief life thy scorn destroyed,
 Is ended with my song !

HANS OF ICELAND.

ARIFACCIMENTO of a French romance, considerably shortened and improved ; and illustrated by George Cruikshank, in a style which would delight the devil himself, tho' ever so ill-natured. Hans of Iceland is a tale of supernatural horror, but also of natural as well as supernatural interest. The story, in so far as regards the hero and heroine and other merely human agents, is well contrived and striking ; and in those parts where the terrible representative of Ingulphus the Destroyer, Hans of Iceland, figures, there is a mixture of the ludicrous and appalling, which we have found extremely effective ; while the moral justice of the winding up reconciles us to aught that might otherwise have been too strong for the palate in the "hell-broth" on which we have "supped full."

Having declared our opinion, that there is a good deal of interest in this volume, (a rare matter in composi-

tions of its kind,) we shall not rob readers of any portion of it by detailing the incidents. Suffice it to say, (on introducing one extract as an example of the writer's talents) that Musdæmon, on the failure of a plot for the destruction of the ex-chancellor Schumacker, has accused himself in the public court, in order to save his employer, whose tool and secretary he was. Hans and he have consequently been condemned to die, and after disposing of the former, the narrative thus proceeds :

"To a dungeon on the same floor, but nearer to the sea, Musdæmon had been conveyed upon his leaving the hall of justice. It may perhaps have excited some surprise that so cunning a villain as this man had shown himself, should choose at once to confess his crime, and to conceal, with apparent generosity, the guilt of the Chancellor ; but, so far from a generous feeling having any share in influen-

ing his conduct on this occasion, it was perhaps one of the most ingenious artifices that he had ever practised. When he first saw the whole of his infernal plot so completely exposed, he was for a moment overcome by surprise: this embarrassment, however, soon subdivided; and, with that adroitness which was a part of his character, he contemplated the only two courses which presented themselves to him. On the one hand he might denounce the Chancellor d'Ahlefeld, who so basely deserted him at this emergency, or take upon himself the whole blame of the crimes in which he had been only partially concerned. A common mind would perhaps have resolved upon the first; but it occurred to Musdæmon that the Chancellor was still Chancellor, and that nothing contained in the papers actually compromised his reputation. He had, moreover, cast certain glances at Musdæmon, the purport of which the latter perfectly understood; and, for these reasons, relying that his patron would, if not from any feeling of gratitude, at least for his own safety, furnish his ally with the means of escape from prison, he adopted the second course.

"He was walking up and down in his cell, which was imperfectly lighted by a dim lamp, and expecting every moment that the door would open to some emissary of the Chancellor. He examined minutely the antique dungeon in which he had been placed: to his surprise he found that the floor was of wood, and it sounded beneath his tread as if there was some cavity under it.—In the low vault above him he observed that a large iron ring was fastened into the key-stone, to which hung a piece of cord, the end of which had been cut. The minutes passed on with leaden feet, and he listened impatiently to the castle clock as it chimed each quarter of the midnight hours. At length he heard the sound of footsteps without his dungeon, and his heart beat quick with the hope of deliverance. The chains were thrown down—the bolts

withdrawn,—the old key grated in the rusty lock—and the same man who had just before struck the bargain with Hans entered the cell. He carried under his arm a roll of cord, and was followed by four armed halberdiers. Musdæmon wore still his official robes, the sight of which seemed to make an impression on the red man, who made an awkward low bow. 'My Lord,' he said, 'is it with your Lordship that I am to deal?'

"'Yes, yes,' replied Musdæmon, whose hope of escape was confirmed by this polite address.

"'Then is your name,' asked the red man, as he referred to a small piece of parchment which he held, 'Tariaf Musdæmon?'

"'The same; and you came to me from the Lord Chancellor?'

"'Yes, my Lord.'

"'Pray remember, when you have done his bidding, to express my eternal gratitude to his Lordship.'

"'Your gratitude!' cried the red man, in utter astonishment.

"'Yes; for, of course, I apprehend I shall have no opportunity of doing so in person.'

"'Most likely not,' replied the hangman with an ironical grin.

"'And you know,' continued Musdæmon, 'that I ought not to be insensible of such a kindness; although I declare to you that his highness does me no more than strict justice.'

"'Strict it may be; but, at least, you confess that it is justice. Well, this is the first time, these six-and-twenty years, that I have heard a man in your situation confess so much. But come; I have no time to spare in talking: are you ready?'

"'Quite so,' replied Musdæmon, stepping towards the door.

"'Stay, stay!' cried Orugix, as he stooped to lay down his bundle of rope.

"MUSDÆMON STOPPED:—'but why have you brought all this cord?'

"'Your Lordship may well ask me: there is, indeed, much more than I shall have any occasion for; but a few days ago I expected there would be many more condemned.' As he said this, Orugix unrolled his cord,

"'But come—prithce make haste'—said Musdæmon.

"'Your Lordship is in a great hurry,' said Orugix, going on with his task; but has not your Lordship some little prayer?'—

"'No other than that I have already made—that you will thank the Chancellor for me. But I am impatient to quit this dreary place: have we far to go?'—

"'Far to go!' replied Orugix, measuring the cord, as he unrolled it: 'the journey will not fatigue you much, for you will perform it without stirring hence.'

"Musdæmon trembled violently as he asked—'What do you mean?'

"'Nothing more than what I say,' replied Orugix.

"'O God!' cried Musdæmon, suddenly becoming pale as the horrible truth flashed upon his mind, 'who then are you?'

"'The hangman.'

"'Do you not, then, come to aid my escape?' cried the wretch, trembling like a withered leaf.

"'Yes, your escape into the land of ghosts,' cried the other with a hoarse laugh.

"'Mercy, mercy! Have pity on me!' cried Musdæmon, falling with his face to the floor.

"'Do you take me for the King?' asked the executioner: 'how can I show you mercy?'

"The poor wretch continued in the most abject manner to implore the ruthless hangman's pity, until the latter, vexed with his importunities, and having finished the unrolling his cord, in an angry tone bade him be silent. Musdæmon still remained trembling at his feet, stupified at the prospect of his impending fate: the executioner, in the mean time, fastened one end of the cord to the ring in the ceiling, and made a running noose at the other end, which reached to the floor. 'Now,' said he, 'I am ready: are you?'

"'No! oh no!' cried Musdæmon, 'it is impossible that the Count d'Ahlefeld can be so base! I am too necessary to him: he cannot have sent

you to put me to death. Let me escape, or tremble to encounter his anger.'

"'Did you not say that you are Tariaf Musdæmon?'

"The prisoner remained silent for a moment, and then said, 'No; I—my name is not Musdæmon; it is Tariaf Orugix.'

"'Orugix!' cried the hangman—'Orugix!' and he tore the large wig from the face of the prisoner, when, suddenly recognizing his features, he exclaimed, 'My brother!'

"'Your brother!' cried the other joyfully. 'Are you, then?'

"'Nychol Orugix, the Drontheim hangman, at your service, brother.'

"The prisoner threw himself upon Nychol's neck, and lavished his caresses upon him, which the other did not return, nor even seem sensible of. 'I am sorry for you, brother,' he said at length.

"'Why sorry?' said the other; 'I am now at least safe, since I have found you. Remember that the same mother brought us forth—the same bosom nourished us—the same amusements occupied our earliest days:—remember, Nychol, that I am your brother.'

"'But until this moment you never remembered it, Tariaf.'

"'Still you would not have me die by your hand?'

"'It is your own fault, Tariaf; it was you who blighted my hopes: you hindered me from being the royal executioner at Copenhagen, and caused me to be appointed to officiate in this wretched country. If you had not behaved thus unnaturally to me you would not have had to complain of that which now seems to horrify you so much. But come; we have chattered long enough—you must die!'

"The approach of death, which even to the virtuous is so horrid that nothing but the consciousness of integrity can soften down its terrors, is to the guilty totally overwhelming. The miserable prisoner rolled upon the floor, wringing his hands, and calling upon all the saints in Heaven for pity, and conjuring his brother,

by the mother who bore them, not to put him to death. The executioner made no other answer than by displaying his warrant, the order in which, he said, was positive.

“‘But it does not concern me,’ said the other in despair: ‘it is for the execution of one Musdæmon; my name is Orugix.’

“‘I know very well that it does mean you,’ replied Nychol: ‘besides, as, yesterday, you would have been Musdæmon to me, you shall not, to-day, be Orugix.’

“‘Brother! my dear brother!’ cried Musdæmon, ‘it is impossible that the Chancellor can wish for my death. It is a mistake—the Count d’Ahlefeld loves me well. If you will but spare me, I shall soon be restored to favour, and then I will make your fortune,’

“‘You cannot if you would,’ replied Nychol; ‘and I have already lost too much by you: I have been deprived of two executions, by which I calculated to make a good round sum—I mean those of Schumacker and the Viceroy’s son. I am always unlucky, and now there is only Hans of Iceland and yourself to be hanged. All that I can do for you is to promise that you shall suffer as little as possible: so reconcile yourself to your fate, as you see there is no avoiding it.’

“‘Masdæmon rose from the ground, and, finding that his prayers were useless, he gave himself up to a furious rage. His nostrils dilated, his eyes were fixed, his livid lips quivered, and his mouth foamed. ‘Then I have preserved d’Ahlefeld,’ he cried, ‘and embraced my brother; and yet they destroy me. Is it for this that I have stained my whole life with crime? Wretch,’ he continued, addressing Nychol, ‘will you be a fratricide?’

“‘I am the hangman,’ replied the other coolly.

“‘Then I will not die unavenged,’ cried Musdæmon, as he made a spring at his brother. ‘I have lived like a serpent, and I will die like one; I will expend my breath in one last

sting—but it shall be mortal.’ He seized Nychol with a deadly grasp, and might perhaps have made good his threats but for the four halberdiers, who disengaged him from the executioner, and pinioned his arms, so as to prevent him from doing any further mischief. While they were performing this office, a sealed packet fell from his bosom.

“‘What is that?’ asked Nychol, whose imperturbable coolness had not given way under the rudeness of his brother’s last embrace. Musdæmon had sunk into a sort of stupor, when this question roused him. His eye glistened with a demoniac triumph:—‘That!’ he cried: ‘that is a packet belonging to the Chancellor: promise me that you will deliver it into his own hands, and do with me as you will.’

“‘Well, since you are disposed to be more civil,’ replied Nychol, ‘I will promise to do this for you: although you hardly deserve it for your unbrotherly treatment of me.

“‘Do, do,’ said Musdæmon; ‘and perhaps, in the delight which his Lordship will feel at obtaining it, he may bestow upon you some reward.’

“‘Perhaps, then,’ said Nychol, ‘I shall at last become royal executioner. Well, well! let us part good friends: I forgive you the scratches you gave me just now, and you shall pardon me for being under the necessity of presenting you with this hempen collar. Come, Tariaf, are you ready?’ and, as he spoke, he placed the noose round his brother’s neck.

“‘One moment! one moment!’ cried Musdæmon, whose panic returned at feeling the rope; ‘do not pull the cord until I give you the signal.’

“‘I will not pull it at all,’ replied Nychol: ‘but are you ready now?’

“‘Stay! stay but a moment! Must I die?’

“‘You must, indeed; and I can wait no longer.’ Nychol here made a signal to the halberdiers, who withdrew.

“‘Well, but one word more: I pray you not to forget the packet for the Chancellor.’

“‘Make yourself easy on that score, brother,’ replied Nychol ; ‘and now, for the third time, are you ready?’ The wretched victim opened his lips to implore one moment’s longer delay, when his brother became impatient, and, stooping down, he pressed upon a small knob in the floor. The boards beneath Musdæmon instantly gave way, and he disappeared below the opening, while the sudden tension of the cord emitted a low vibration. It was agitated for a few moments, and then became still ; while a cold draught of air rushed through the trap-door, and seemed to proceed from running water. The halberdiers who were at the end of the dungeon, were horror-stricken at the sight. The executioner approached the trap-door, and, holding the cord by one hand, he lowered himself till his feet touched the shoul-

ders of his miserable brother. A groan, the last that the victim uttered, escaped from him. Nychol ascended again to the floor :—‘It’s all right,’ he said ; ‘good-by, brother !—Now,’ he continued, drawing a large knife from his girdle, ‘you must go to feed the fishes of the gulf ;’ and, as he spoke, he cut the tightened cord as high up as he could reach. A sudden splash was heard as the body of the dead man reached the water, and a horrid silence ensued.”

It may be thought that there is something too much of the horrible in this example ; but really Hans of Iceland is altogether one of the best productions of its class which we have seen. There is a power about it resembling one of Fuseli’s pictures, and, as we have noticed, Cruikshank’s designs are capital.

WEDDINGS : BY A PARISH CLERK.

THOUGH a plain man, and not pretending to any thing above my station in life, I am fond of reading, and more frequently spend the evening over a book than with my neighbours, who are wont to congregate in houses of public entertainment. A friend of mine, a bookseller, acquainted with what he is pleased to style my turn for literature, lent me, among other things, a poem of Mr Crabbe’s, called “The Parish Register ;” saying, facetiously, that, he should expect to find me a critic on a work which was so entirely in my own way. In truth, I was mightily taken with the subject ; and happening to remark jestingly, that were it not for the verse, I thought I could write a book of the same kind, having had the advantage of forty years’ experience in one of the most populous and fashionable parishes in London, he immediately began to encourage me to attempt something of a similar nature in prose. At first I could not be prevailed upon to entertain such a notion ; yet it would often come

into my head, and after long consideration I could not help trying my hand, as it were by committing a few of my recollections to paper, and as they seemed to strike the fancy of my friend, I was induced to proceed.

This being my first essay, I thought I could not do better than to follow the bookseller’s advice, who strongly recommended me to pass over the baptisms and burials, and take the weddings for my subject ; as he said they were by far the most interesting, and particularly to the young ladies, whom, of course, I should wish to please.

I very much regret, especially since the perusal of another book, “The Annals of the Parish,” which I have but lately read, that I had not from my first entrance into office made a sort of diary, which would have mightily assisted my memory ; but lest it should be thought presumptuous in me to attempt to follow in the path which has been already trodden by two learned gentlemen, clergymen too, for whom I must naturally

entertain a profound reverence, I beg to say that I ground my hope of amusing a leisure half hour only on the truth of my statements, and on the novelty of their proceeding from a simple, ignorant clerk, instead of the rector or the curate.

I do not know any part of my duty which is so pleasant as that of assisting at marriages: the beauty, blushes, and agitation of the brides; the smiles, sighs, and gay dresses of the handmaids; and the secret joy and triumph which burst through the somewhat constrained demeanour of the bridegrooms, are to me exceedingly delightful. It is not, however, those unions where hearts already joined come to plight their sacred vows, which afford the most striking subjects for the pen. I begin now to scrutinize into these things; and though many who enter the church are as accomplished actors as the regular professors at the theatre, I can discover, or at least imagine that I can discover, when the tenderness with which the bride and bridegroom regard each other is assumed, or when one of the parties is merely playing a part. Sometimes, indeed, there is no attempt of the kind: ladies and gentlemen meet as though they were only ratifying a contract before a civil magistrate; the one intent upon shewing off her drapery with effect, the other evidently bored at being obliged to come to church, and impatient for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Before I proceed to particulars, I must observe, that, in almost all circumstances the bride appears to great advantage, whilst, generally speaking, the bridegroom makes but a poor figure. His endeavours to reassure the lady are awkward, for he does not like to make love before the parson and the clerk; or they are ridiculous, if, waving that scruple, he should suffer his passion to overcome his discretion. He is also very frequently out of temper, and truly it is a trying scene where tears and hysterics abound; and he is sometimes frightened himself, which is the most

ludicrous thing of all. Now the bride, whether she should go through her part with decent composure, or exhibit alarm, or languish, or tremble, or faint, must be interesting, except in a very few extreme cases, when age or ugliness has deprived her of every charm, and neither white satin, white feathers nor lace veils can conceal her personal defects. It is an amusing spectacle to see the lady trying to look serious, when she would much rather smile and enjoy the termination of some deep laid scheme; and in vulgar life, it is no uncommon thing for the bride to titter, or laugh out, so much, that it is scarcely possible to make her repeat the responses.

It is seldom that I have been more touched and affected than by a scene which took place at our church a very few years ago: it was a rough, stormy morning in the month of March, the wind rattled every pane of glass in the windows, and sheets of rain came pouring against them; a sad day for bridal festivities, and requiring much of internal sunshine to dissipate the melancholy feelings which this warfare of the elements was calculated to produce. The bride, accompanied by her father and mother, and two or three other near relations, arrived in a hired carriage, just as the clock struck the canonical hour of eight; the bridegroom, a quarter of an hour later, stepped out of a handsome chariot, evidently purchased for the occasion. Upon entering the vestry, the victim, for such I must call her, sank into a chair; her lips were compressed, her eyes fixed; by a strong effort she had succeeded in repressing her agitation, and seemed prepared to go through the ceremony with statue-like composure. She was very young and looked as though she had sorrowed much; yet a wreck of her beauty remained, to shew how bright it might have been. She was richly dressed; but the pains of her tirewoman had been thrown away, for at every convulsive movement, which, spite of her attempts at calmness,

shook her frame, some plait or bow was disadjusted, and the feathers in her bonnet had been broken, probably in leaning her throbbing head against the side of the carriage. Upon the entrance of the bridegroom, a tall stout man about forty, all her struggles gave way, and she burst forth into such an agony of grief, that it appeared as if soul and body were parting. And, oh, what a dark brow scowled upon her, in the man who now sought to compel her reluctant hand to his odious clasp! The father, apparently fearful that he would turn back and drive away in his fine equipage, took him by the arm, and they walked up and down the aisle together, whilst the clergyman literally stood aghast, and all the rest of us gave our best assistance to restore the lady: I had seen weeping and fainting, before, but never any thing like this. At length the reverend gentleman who officiated felt called upon, through mere compassion, to interfere; he motioned the mother aside, and conversed earnestly with her for a few moments; but she broke away from him impatiently, and then spoke a short sentence in a low, yet decided voice to her daughter. Roused by the remonstrance, and hastily swallowing a large glass of water, hitherto held vainly to her lips, the poor girl, all unconscious of what she was about, wiped her eyes with her superb lace veil till it was literally wet through, and obliged to be taken off; and, leaning on the arm of a sister, staggered to the altar. There she stood, a picture of deep woe, enough to melt the most callous heart. Her lips moved, but they uttered no sound, and the bridegroom's hard, harsh countenance grew more black and gloomy, as his dogged, abrupt sentences met no reply. At last the priest pronounced the blessing, and she started, drew one long gasping sigh, and quietly surrendered herself to his care. She attempted to write her name in the book, but the characters were illegible. She wept no more; but her lips quivered, and

short thick sobs came fast from her burthened heart, as her husband, now enjoying a sort of sullen triumph, led her away to the chariot in waiting. As soon as they were gone, the rest of the party seemed to shake off their uncomfortable feelings, the father and brothers smiling and rubbing their hands, the ladies smoothing their gay dresses, and all rejoicing at the success which at one time had appeared so doubtful. It was very shocking, and I turned loathing from the heartless set.

A few days afterwards, a wedding of a very different description was solemnized. The parties had been asked in church, and I saw the bride and her friend alight from a hackney-coach at the corner of the street, as I stood at the vestry window. She was dressed in a light linen gown, with a silk handkerchief pinned over her bosom; her neat straw hat was tied down with white ribbons, and at the first glance she looked like a servant. But what servant? Not one of all work, with that delicate figure; nor the housemaid by those small white hands; nor the cook, by the faint blush upon the pure fair cheek; no, nor even the nursery-maid, for there was an air which no one in that humble capacity ever yet attained. The companion was also in disguise, but it was the disguise of my lady's own woman in the kitchen girl's clothes. One was all grace in her simple garb, the other affected to laugh as she looked down upon the cotton stockings and unflounced petticoat; in fact, both had overdone, or rather underdone the business, in selecting apparel which no London servant would now chuse to wear—coloured ginghams without trimming, yet put on in too picturesque a style to deceive a searching eye. Presently they were joined by two footmen in livery, masqueraders likewise; fine tall fellows, powdered, and in silk stockings, who might have got any wages from the Marchioness in the next square; but who, if in her Ladyship's service, would have come to be married in plain

clothes. These gentlemen, however, were wise, for they could not have passed for menials without arraying themselves in the livery: two more elegant men I never beheld. The bride blushed, smiled, and exchanged an arch look with her lover, as the unsuspecting clergyman, and as they thought equally unsuspecting clerk, marshalled the way into the church, and Archer, as I called the friend, handed out Mrs Kitty with such a broad imitation of Listen, in my Lord Duke's servant, that I could hardly keep my countenance; especially as the abigail bridled, and sidled, and languished upon him in an evident hope of making a conquest: merry gentlemen, both of them, I'll be sworn. The young lady, too, seemed to be quite delighted with the prank. She was a blooming, lively, inexperienced creature, who looked as if she had never known a care: I hope the frolic, in which she indulged with so much glee, never caused her a future heart-ache, but I always entertain some fear for the result of stolen marriages. They all left the church arm in arm, the bride and bridegroom losing sight of their assumed characters in the full flow of mutual affection: they might escape remark, but the other two must have attracted all eyes. The *soubrette's* disdain of her dress, and the pains which she took to vulgarize her manners to suit it, a most unnecessary precaution, together with the extravagant airs of her escort, determined to fool it to the top of his bent, afforded a rich specimen of genuine comedy, and I should have much liked to watch them to the shelter of a hackney coach.

I must now recur to a wedding, grander, but not less singular. There were at least five carriages in the street, filled with relations and friends. To judge from outward appearances, the rank and fortune on each side were quite equal, the ages suitable; the lady might be six and twenty, the gentleman four or five years older: he was a very handsome man, and she not ugly, but certainly

much set off by the costly elegance of her dress. Dignified decorum seemed to be the order of the day, and the greetings in the vestry-room were perhaps more polite than cordial. They were fine people, and too well bred to shew their secret feelings in company. The whole assembly arranged themselves round the altar, the ceremony had already commenced, when suddenly a fearful scream rang through the church, and a female, young, beautiful, pale, and wild with agony, rushed up the centre-aisle. Her eye was haggard, her dress disordered; she must have passed the whole of the preceding day and night in concealment within the walls: she was so dreadfully agitated that she could only exclaim, "No! no! no!" and flinging herself between the bride and bridegroom, she clung to the rails for support, and looked up at the perjured seducer with such beseeching anguish, that, hardened as he was, he was touched, and covered his face with his hand. She then turned round to the lady—"He is mine!" she said, "indeed he is mine. Oh, if you knew by what vows, and what sacred oaths, he won me, you would not have met him here." The bride elect drew up her dainty head, tossed her plumes, and whispered something to her brother, but stirred not from the spot. Meantime, the gentleman had recovered himself, and seemed resolved to face the matter out. Exhausted by her efforts, the intruder, who appeared to be reduced by her sufferings to an alarming state of weakness, had sunk upon the steps of the altar, and was now weeping bitterly. A short consultation took place amongst the male portion of the party, and one of them asked the prostrate girl whether she had been married to the person whose union with another she now sought to prevent. "His wife," she cried, "certainly his wife, by every law of heaven." "That is no answer to my question," rejoined the unfeeling speaker. She was silent, but, urged a third time, arose, and with a glance of

scorn, exclaimed, "I thought to have encountered men of honour, of humanity, those who would have espoused an injured, unprotected, helpless woman's cause. Is there nothing binding save those legal ties, whose infraction would be followed by disgraceful punishment; and cannot I obtain justice in this sacred place, pity, in this holy edifice, a soothing balm to heal my breaking heart? Oh, Henry!" she continued, again, appealing to her betrayer, "I came not here to reproach, to expose you, but to save you from the commission of a fearful crime. I do not ask you to fulfil those broken promises so often and so solemnly plighted, but pledge them not to another, false and forsworn as thou art; pause here, in compassion to me, in mercy to yourself." "I believe," said the bridegroom, addressing the clergyman, "that it cannot be necessary for me to say any thing to convince you of the impertinence of this interruption. This person has no claims upon me, that cannot be settled by my purse, and I therefore beg that the ceremony may go on." The forbidding of the banns was unprepared for an act of such determined cruelty, and she dropped immediately upon the ground, like one who had received a mortal wound, and was conveyed out of the church in a state of insensibility. The bridegroom coughed and wiped his face with his handkerchief; the bride took out her smelling-bottle; there were whispers among the bridesmaids, and one of the gentlemen left the party and walked off; but, in a moment, the utmost composure was restored to this high-bred company, and the nuptial knot was tied.

Another extraordinary wedding took place in this year. The lady, as is generally the case, arrived first. She came in a carriage, attended by only one companion, and seemed excessively anxious and agitated, pacing up and down the room with a rapid step, and setting her friend to watch at the window for the expected husband. A signal given by the

sentinel caused her to stop; she drew her veil over her face, arranged her dress, and sat down. A gentleman then made his appearance alone; not a word passed between them; and, when the clergyman was ready, he stalked with a stern air into the church, and took his place; the bride followed trembling, and she wept through the whole of the ceremony. When it was over, she caught the arm of her husband, and they walked together, though silently, into the vestry. The usual formalities having been accomplished, he offered his hand to assist her to the carriage. She then spoke to him, and in a hurried and broken voice, said, "You will go with me?" "I have done all that I can do," he replied, "all that I ever engaged to perform; here we part, and for ever. I had hoped your good sense would spare me this trial." "Do not forsake me, do not abandon me, save me, shield me from the scorn of the world, from the agony, the horror of a separation from all that I hold dear," she murmured out; and then, calling him by every tender name that the heart of a dotting woman could dictate, fell upon her knees before him, and clung to him with fond solicitude, but in vain; he disengaged himself from her embrace, darted away from the place, and was out of sight in a moment. I am not made of stone, and I could hardly stand the scene which ensued. Poor lady! she, too, was young and handsome; grief had rendered her regardless of a stranger's gaze: unable to control her anguish, she yielded to the extremity of her despair; her shrieks were terrific, and after they had subsided, her whole frame shook so violently, and she shed such a deluge of tears, that it was a long time before we could possibly convey her to her carriage.

A second couple parted at the church door, but it was under different circumstances. An elderly and a young lady, closely and very plainly attired, were joined in a few minutes by two gentlemen, the one considerably past fifty, the other about

twenty-five, also in complete undress. I, of course, concluded it to be a quiet wedding between the younger parties, and I arranged them according to this supposition; but to my surprise and consternation, for I rather pique myself upon my penetration and discernment, I received a hint that it was the old people who came to be married. The young lady turned pale and then red, cast her eyes upon the ground, and looked very much confused, and the bridegroom observed her tremor, I thought, with a glance of pleasure; they went away in the same order in which they had arrived, the two gentlemen going one way, and the two ladies another. I could not find out who they were, for our's is a large parish; but, not very long afterwards, I had the gratification to see those whom I had unconsciously joined together, come of their own accord to receive the nuptial benediction, and both, particularly the bride, regarded me with great benignity. This marriage gave me much delight, for I could not help fancying that it was my suggestion which had prompted the young gentleman's addresses.

The next wedding, somewhat out of the common way, was that of a fantastic fine lady, who had let the gentleman dance attendance at the church for three days before she chose to meet him there. At last, about half past eleven, she made her appearance. Previously to her leaving the carriage, she peremptorily desired that all the people should be sent away who stood in the street to stare at her. When, with some difficulty she was persuaded to encounter their gaze and enter the vestry, she declared that she would go back again; she could not make up her mind—it was impossible to part with her liberty. She took out her handkerchief, but there were no tears; somebody told her that, if she fainted, she would discompose her dress,

and this had the effect of delaying the catastrophe; but the opportunity being almost too tempting to be resisted by a gentlewoman of her turn, I made such a preparation of cold water in a large basin, that I verily believe she became alarmed for her satins, and suffered herself to be prevailed upon, at the latest moment the ceremony could be performed, to enter the church. The bridegroom, exceedingly sincere in his attachment to her property, bore all her capricious airs and graces with the utmost humility. He begged, he entreated, he besought, called her his soul's idol, his life, and his treasure, and, finally, protested that he would shoot himself if she disappointed him again. But the moment the binding words were uttered, the face of things changed like the scenery of a pantomime: she was quite prepared for a second exhibition, absolutely could not face the crowd, and proposed remaining in the church until it was dusk. The time, however, was past for these foolish tricks. He silenced her with one word, "Nonsense," knit his brow, assumed an air of determination, and led her, a little astonished, but quite tame, to the carriage, amid the smiles of all the beholders.

It is not, I am sorry to say, very often that I witness a marriage solemnized according to my own old-fashioned notions, but upon inquiry, I have always found that such marriages have been the happiest, in which the parties have joined with pious fervour in the holy service that the church has instituted for the occasion. It is a truly pleasing sight to see even the bride and bridegroom losing every earthly thought and feeling in one fervent aspiration for the divine blessing, and all the friends and relations joining piously and devoutly in prayer and supplication to the giver of all good, for the felicity of the wedded pair, both in this world and in the next.

VARIETIES.

RAISING WATER BY WIND.

AT one time of my life I entertained strong and grand opinions of being able to discover the perpetual motion, which I need scarcely mention, I have not yet effected; but I have this satisfaction to boast of, that my time and labour were not thrown away, as I learned much from my own misconceptions; that is, by persevering until I discovered wherein my errors consisted. I was inclined to think the discovery was to be made by hydrostatic means, and, while under that impression, conceived that water might be raised by atmospheric pressure with less expence of power than is generally the case. It occurred to me that the pressure of the air on the top of an open tube might be diverted out of its vertical direction by means of a current of wind; and this conjecture was supported by the fact, that the pressure of the waters of the ocean is no hindrance to currents of water running in all directions through the sea as the Gulf Stream which crosses the Atlantic Ocean affords sufficient evidence. To put the matter to the test of experimental proof, I filled a saucer with water, into which I put a glass funnel, the small orifice being above the water about eight inches; then, having an assistant to blow a pair of kitchen bellows, so as to make the wind pass over the top of the tube, we effected the desired object. I held the tube of the funnel with my hand grasped round it, and let the nose of the bellows rest on the side of the uppermost finger. While the operation of blowing went on, my assistant raised and lowered the bellows as I gave directions; and, with the hand on which the bellows-pipe rested, I humoured the direction of the pipe, so as to prevent the wind descending to the water in the funnel, and to cause the entire of the orifice of the funnel to be included in the

blast which was passed over it. The result was, that the water ascended in the funnel, filled it, and was blown over as long as the operation of blowing was continued. I next tried a thirty-inch barometer-tube, open at both ends, and the result was as before, only the water started up with much greater rapidity than with the funnel. The reason is obviously the insufficiency of the blast of a pair of small bellows, and the difference in quantity of air to be removed from within the tubes. I tried the like experiment with a pair of smith's bellows; but these being fixed to the fire, the blast was conveyed from them through about eight feet of lead pipe, the length of which, from the bellows, caused the wind at its exit to have little or no effect in removing the air's pressure. These hints may possibly be improved on, for which reason it is I request you will be pleased to lay them before your readers.

A MAN OF LARGE PROPERTY.

A learned Frenchman travelling through England in the stage-coach, with a view of publishing his travels, was very inquisitive, and asked the names of meadow, arable land, trees, houses, cottages, &c. all which he carefully noted down instantaneously; on crossing Salisbury Plain, he asked what it was—Barren heath, was the reply. He repeated his question at various distances, and always received the same answer. On arranging his notes for the press, he took occasion to exclaim against the evils of large farms, and cited, in support of his assertion, a district of several miles, all belonging to one individual, *M. le Baron Heath*, which was absolutely lying waste for want of cultivation, which would not be the case if *M. le Baron* would divide it into small allotments; but this, his aristocracy, and the law of primogeniture, would not permit.